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MY LOVE WITHIN THE VALLEY DWELLS.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Your love upon the mountain dwells?
But mine within the valley breathes,
And lightly round her modest brow
The modest lily wreathes;
'Tis hers to tend the mignonnette,
The primrose and the violet;
These are her nurselings there, and they
Wave every haughty thought away.

II.

Your Love would crown her with the star,
But mine woos light of dearer birth—
The sacred fire that glows for me
Upon the household hearth;
There sweetly on my knees I hold
The little white lambs of our fold,
The dear ones that she gave to me
For innocent, mild ministry.

III.

Mine be the lily, yours the rose
So haughty on the rock above;
Yours be the eagle proud and stern,
But mine the gentle dove!—
Then kiss me, darling of the vale,
Far from that mountain's stormy gale;
Where silver-throated breezes blow,
Through life with love and peace we'll go!

THE WRECKED STEAMER.

A TALE OF 1852.

BY F. HAMILTON MYERS,

AUTHOR OF "THE HARLOW ESTATE," "ST. HUGH HALL," ETC., ETC., ETC.

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A PULL FOR THE STEAMER.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Colonel Mink secured a passage for Miss and Master Walworth in the first steamer for Havana, "consigning" them to a respectable mercantile house there, to be forwarded to Jamaica, by some one of the numerous vessels which ply between those island ports.

There were but a few days for preparation, and Eda was so wild with excitement and joy, that but for the thoughtful aid of her friends, she would have poorly provided herself with comforts for the voyage, notwithstanding the ample means which Mink had placed in her hands.

Yet she did not neglect to provide many things for her father, including some luxuries which were ordinarily beyond his reach. There seemed no end to the money of which she had become the possessor, (though, as she knew, it was but an earnest of what she was yet to receive,) and her constant thought was of the ways in which it could be made to contribute to the benefit of her invalid parent.

The Misses Sibbald, though rejoicing in Eda's good fortune, were pained at the prospect of parting with her, so much had she endeared herself to them during her short abode in their family.

"If Grace could only go with me, my happiness would be complete," said Eda, "and yet I don't know as I ought to wish it, for she would be sure to catch some rich islander for a husband, and then we should lose her altogether."

"That is the precise fate I am fearing for *you*, Eda," said Grace, laughing.

"No, indeed!" replied Miss Walworth, looking very sober, while her bosom was distended by the gentlest of sighs. "I assure you I have no such aspirations."

She spoke earnestly, and then, as if conscious that she was betraying something of the painful memories which had become part of her daily life, she blushed slightly and added:

"But I hope it will not be many months before we shall again meet, and I am sure that if Papa comes back well, and—and can get into business again, that I can persuade him to take a small house in this beautiful city, somewhere near to you, where we can see each other very often."

Eda was so fully occupied that the few days which were to intervene before her departure, seemed to pass very rapidly, notwithstanding her extreme anxiety to see her father. It was arranged that Sally and Grace were to accompany her to the ship, and Miss Mink had agreed to call on the morning of the embarkation, to bid her good-bye, and to bring her the remainder of the promised money.

Miranda was punctual, and the supply of the "material aid" which she brought was liberal, even to profuseness, nor would she listen to any demur from Eda against receiving so much.

"It is really but a trifle to Pa," she said, "and he will scarcely know to-morrow that he has given it. His charities are very large."

The word grated harshly on Eda's ear, but she soothed her wounded pride by the reflection that this great benefaction was in reality conferred upon her father, who, she knew, would consider it a debt to be repaid by his future labors, if his health should be restored. She was relieved to think that she really had no right to decline it.

Yet Eda was surprised that during all these negotiations she had never seen her benefactor, and she was uncertain whether she ought not to call and thank him before leaving the country. But to some suggestions of this nature her visitor instantly replied:

"Oh certainly not! You would not find him at home if you went, and it is not at all necessary."

"If you had considered it proper," said Eda, timidly, "I had thought of starting early, and driving directly to his house, before going to the ship, which does not sail till noon."

"You must not think of such a thing. Besides, the streets are greatly crowded to-day, on account of some celebration. There is to be a great procession, I believe, and you will be fortunate if you can even get across Broadway, and get to the vessel in time."

Miranda staid until Miss Walworth and her friends were ready to start, and when she had shaken hands with Eda through the window of the coach which was to convey her to the ship, she returned to her own carriage, and started for home, crossing to the great city, by a different *ferry from that by which the travellers were to go*. Miss Mink exulted greatly in the success of her father's scheme, being confident that when once she was the *wife* of Howard Belmont, she could easily ward off exposure in almost any supposable contingency, and that if she could not, it would not greatly mar her happiness.

If ambition was a crime, she thought she shared it in common with a large portion of her sex, and as to the rest, she had but obeyed her father's commands.

She would certainly have been better satisfied not to have had any direct agency in such an achievement; but Colonel Mink had not dared to employ any one else, nor had he been willing to visit Eda in person, lest she should recognize in him one of the throng of anxious visitors who, two years before, had called to inspect the rescued child.

Perhaps he would have been less chary on this point if he had known that Miss Walworth had already seen and recognized him while getting out of his carriage in front of his own house on the day that she had called with the elder Miss Sibbald. But no suspicions had been awakened in her mind, because she had never heard a doubt expressed about young Arthur's death, or as to Colonel Mink's right to the great estate. Nothing, indeed, seemed more natural to her than that he should have been one of those who came to see the advertised foundling, and she had not even mentioned her discovery to Sally, because the latter was always evidently pained by any reference to the great affliction which still weighed heavily upon her heart.

Although guilt is essentially cowardly, Colonel Mink was by no means troubled with any serious apprehensions of exposure; but he liked to "make assurance doubly sure." All that Eda knew, he believed might be divulged without even casting suspicion upon his integrity, yet he felt a little more security in its suppression.

This consideration, as well as his matrimonial scheme, influenced him in sending Miss Walworth out of the country and in his determination that neither she nor her father should again reside in New York, if even a far more lavish expenditure could suffice to keep them away.

By what particular means their continual expatriation was to be effected he had not decided; but that the liberal use of money would accomplish his purpose he did not doubt.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Miss Mink's prediction in regard to the difficulty of driving through the lower part of the city was fully verified.

When Eda's carriage reached Broadway, at the corner of Fulton street, its further progress was impeded by a procession, and by the usual crowd which such a display calls out; and she was compelled to remain for nearly half an hour an impatient witness of the passing pageantry. The President of the Republic was on a visit to the metropolis, and the populace, under the direction of the city authorities, were paying their accustomed ovation to that distinguished functionary.

But if Eda and the Misses Sibbald were at first vexed by the delay, they soon found ample compensation for the slight annoyance in the pleasure which the show gave to Frank, who went nearly wild with delight, and whose noisy demonstrations of joy they were compelled repeatedly to check.

The music, the banners, the uniforms, and, above all, the finely-caparisoned horses, called forth Frank's repeated exclamations; and his little curly head was bobbing incessantly in and out of the carriage window, as he called upon his sister to admire the various objects of interest.

Several Irish societies, with their handsome uniforms and their tasteful national devices, were in the procession; and among the crowd which blockaded the vehicle there were not a few of the sons of Erin, who cheered lustily as these emblems of their nationality went by. [illegible] from his head, and swinging it out of the window, added his tiny voice to the shouts of the crowd.

"Hare to him there! Th' youngster," said one, pointing out the boy. "It's a swate lad intirely! The blessings of ould Ireland and of St. Patterick be upon him!"

Several of the Irishmen turned and looked at Frank, and at the ladies; and immediately afterwards Eda saw that one of them, who was much better dressed than his companions, was forcing his way through the crowd, and approaching the carriage.

As he came nearer, she was sure that his face looked familiar to her, and she supposed he was some laboring man who had been at some time, temporarily, in the employ of her father. But when he stood at the carriage window, hat in hand, his broad face wreathed in smiles, and the light of joy gleaming from his eyes, she could no longer mistake the good-natured face of Hugh McCann!

"It's forgotten me, ye have, Miss Wallyworth," he said, not venturing to offer his hand to the lady, but affectionately patting Frank on the head; "but I'm very glad to see you and the boy."

"Why, Hugh! Is it possible?" exclaimed Eda, in glad yet tremulous accents, and instantly seizing his huge hand and shaking it cordially. "How very, very glad I am to see you. This is that brave and faithful servant of Mr. Belmont," she said (in great excitement) to the Misses Sibbald, "of whom you have so often heard me speak, who assisted his master to save our lives, and but for whose help we should probably all have perished."

"Bless her swate lips for saying it!" said Hugh; "but it was pale enough that *I* did; and me on a safe raft all the while, while master Howard and the poor sodgers were in the water up to their neck. Ah—ah-h! It's well that I remimber that same, ah-h-h! It was a dreadful time, intirely."

Sally and Grace both shook hands with Hugh, and for a few moments almost every one of the excited party were speaking simultaneously.

"I know him now! I know him!" said Frank. "It's Hughey! It's Hughey! Where's Carl, Hughey? Is Carl here?"

Not giving him time to reply to this question, Eda, with no little degree of agitation, asked:

"But how was it, Hugh, that you did not return to England with Mr. Belmont? I did not suppose you would ever leave such a master."

"Is it lave him, you said? Is—return to England! And didn't I do that same, after we had been all over the great per-aries (I b'lave there's no end to 'em), and had killed hundreds of wild bastes, and had been kilt ourselves by the robbers, which master Howard writ a letter to your father afterwards, tellin' him all about it."

"Oh yes," said Eda, smiling, "I know all about that; but what I want to know is, how you came to leave Mr. Belmont, and to come back to this country?"

"I didn't lave him, sure. He's back hisself! Master Howard has been in New Yorrick these two months!"

Eda turned pale and red by turns at this announcement, and her friends, who could not fail to see the evidence of her agitation, relieved her embarrassment by suddenly finding something very attractive in the procession to engage their attention.

"*Mr. Belmont in New York?*" she exclaimed, chilled by the painful thought that he could have been so long in the city without seeking her. "Is he—is he well, Hugh?"

"Better nor I ever see him in my life is master now, Miss; and he wanted very much to see your *father* when he first came, until he larned that he had gone way off to the East Ingees, and then he gave him up."

"Not the *East* Indies, Hugh. Pa is in the Island of Jamaica, in the West Indies, where I am going to join him. I am to sail this very day, and am now on my way to the ship." She hesitated, and then added, with increasing embarrassment: "I should have been very happy to see Mr. Belmont before I go, but I suppose it is now too late."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Sally; "is that the kind of message to send to your father's friend and the preserver of your own life? See here, my man! Do you hurry to your master, and tell him that Miss Walworth sails to-day at twelve o'clock, in the steamship Bolivar, from the foot of Chambers street, North river. Will you remember that?"

"Yis, ma'am."

"Here, give me a pencil."

Grace quickly handed her one, and a visiting-card from her card-case.

"There: 'Steamship Bolivar, foot Chambers street, 12 o'clock to-day.' He'll understand that. Give him that, and tell him that she would be most happy to see him before she goes."

"Oh, Sally, I cannot send such word as that?" exclaimed Eda.

"Nonsense! not to your assured friend and the preserver of your life? That is a mistaken modesty, Eda; and let me tell you, my child, that an undue reserve becomes itself sometimes indelicate, in what it implies."

Eda blushed deeply, and said:

"Very well—as you think best;" and then she added aside to Sally: "I have not the slightest reason for regarding Mr. Belmont in any other light than as a friend and benefactor."

"Then the message is certainly most proper. Go quickly now, Hugh; and as you will have to abandon your own pleasures, you must allow me——"

"Divil a bit, ma'am! begging your pardon that I should say so to a leddy. Put up your pocky-book—I'll not take a rid cint."

"There are nearly two hours yet to twelve," said Sally, looking at the clock on St. Paul's; "and if you know where to find Mr. Belmont——"

"That's it, ma'am. I don't; but I'll try:" and then turning to Eda, he said, in a lower voice: "You see, Miss, he's very busy about these days, because—because—perhaps I ought not to say it; but you're goin' out of the counthry, and you're his particular friend, and the long and short of it is, I think, he is about bein'—bein' married."

Eda started perceptibly now and became very pale, yet compelling a calm demeanor, she said with a smile:

"Is it possible, Hugh?"

"Oh yis, mim, indade, and to a very rich leddy—worth millions and millions. He's wid her most every day ridin' and drivin', and that's why I don't think I'll find him in time. But I must hurry now. Good-bye and may the saints preserve ye."

Eda's emotion was very great; but she was with true friends who would not seem to observe the agitation she sought to conceal, and the still passing procession furnished an opportunity for a ready change of the topic of conversation. Very soon, too, the crowd dispersed, and the released carriage pursued its way to the ship, where, after the baggage had been transferred to the vessel, it was dismissed, for Sally and Grace had resolved to remain with their friend until the hour of sailing.

"Only if *he* comes, Eda," said Sally, laughing, "we shall have very urgent business that will call us loose, and we shall go directly after having one good look at him."

"I shall see that you do no such foolish thing," replied Eda. "If Mr. Belmont comes it will only be to send some kind messages to my father; but I do not think we shall see him at all."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

If Mr. Belmont's attentions to Miss Mink had not been sufficiently marked to justify the inference which Hugh McCann, in common with many other people, had drawn, they certainly did not fall much short of that point. His intimacy with the family had gradually increased, and step by step he had become involved in so many semi-confidential relations with Miranda, that he probably would not have felt at liberty to recede from the delicate "entanglement" into which he had been drawn, even if he had desired so to do. Having gone so far, there was an implied obligation upon him to go further, and the momentous step which he was thus forced to contemplate he certainly did not regard with repugnance.

He well knew that he had no strong attachment for Miss Mink, and he believed that the only being who could have aroused his torpid heart to its full capacity for deep and passionate love, was lost to him forever, through his own folly and blindness. But he was interested in Miranda, she seemed to him upright, amiable, and affectionate, and he believed her fitted to adorn the station which, as his wife, she would be called to fill.

Then, although no one could be less of a fortune hunter than Howard, the very generosity of his nature prevented the vast fortune of Miss Mink from being an object of indifference to him.

What a gratification would it be to him to redeem the lost patrimony of Lord Belmont, his erring but beloved brother,—to recall him from his self-imposed exile, and reinstate him in all the hereditary state and grandeur, which, in their boyish days, their father had enjoyed.

Himself the substituted creditor, how light would he make the galling chain of debt; how would he diffuse its payment over long years, and restore to the young baron all the substantial benefit of ownership and possession, consistent still with a full regard to the rights of his New World wife, who he fancied emulating him in zeal to restore the lost honors of his ancient family.

His heart leapt in view of this dazzling picture, which he scarcely dared to contemplate, lest it should induce him to feign or to imagine a love for the fair heiress, beyond what he really felt. For he had resolved to be perfectly frank with Miranda, who he was determined should not accept him without a knowledge that his heart as yet owned a divided fealty.

With [illegible] did. His English notions of marriage contracts, required the fullest ante-nuptial settlement of all pecuniary questions connected with them, and before the mystic knot was tied, he expected voluminous legal documents to fix both his wife's dowry and her jointure.

That both Col. Mink and his daughter stood ready to accede to all his reasonable demands on this score, he was well convinced, and he was himself resolved scrupulously to protect the monetary interests of a confiding woman, towards whom he could not but be conscious of a defective love.

Unfortunately, when Miss Sibbald's messenger, Hugh McCann, who was no Mercury in his movements, set out in search of his master, that gentleman was absent from his hotel, nor had he left any clew to his whereabouts.

When Hugh had learned thus much, and had reflected that it was far too early in the day for him to be at Col. Mink's, he started forth to look for him amid the multitudes that thronged Broadway, and he spent nearly an hour in the search, before he became impressed with a sense of its utter uselessness.

He then returned to the hotel, where, to his chagrin, he learned that Mr. Belmont had been in, and had again gone out, during his fruitless search for him.

Hugh now did what he ought in the first place to have done, he remained in Howard's room, and patiently awaited his return, watching for him at the same time from one of the windows which overlooked Broadway. He believed he would not be long absent, for his writing desk was open and covered with papers, and Carl was lying asleep beside it.

"If the dumb brute could only spake now!" said Hugh, whose anxiety became intense as he saw that the mantel clock indicated nearly half-past eleven. "Where is the masther, Carl, hey?"

But the dog replied only by beating a "tatoo" on the floor with his tail, and the Irishman began seriously contemplating running down to the ship and asking the captain to "hould on" for another hour. He might leave the "bit o' paper," he thought, on Belmont's desk, and he did not doubt that it would tell the whole story. But a little reflection saved Hugh from this second blunder, and after more than another quarter of an hour's suspense, he heard the welcome step of his master on the stairs. He rushed out to meet him, and thrusting Miss Sibbald's card into his hands, he said:

"Read it quick now, or ye'll be too late."

"Why, what's this, Hugh! This is nothing that I am interested in. This is the card of Miss Grace Sibbald, a very pretty name, but one that I never heard before."

"Turn it over thin. It's on the other side."

Howard complied and read:

"'*Steamship Bolivar, foot of Chambers street, North River—twelve o'clock to-day.*' Here is some mistake. This is not meant for me."

"Isn't Miss Wallyworth in it?"

"Miss Walworth! no! What do you mean? Speak quickly, you stupid fellow!"

The now disconcerted Hugh replied quickly, but not with increased precision:

"It's herself that's in it, sure, and the little brother that was drownded with her. They're both on that ship, there, and they'll be afther bein' in the East Ingees while ye're standin' here. It sails in ten minutes."

"Run for a hack, then! you'll find them just opposite," said Howard, and he himself ran down stairs ahead of his servant, and did not abate his speed until, side by side with Hugh, he reached the carriage stand.

"Any of them!" he said. "Here, this!" himself opening one and springing in. "Jump in, Hugh!"

"Is it inside I'll git?" asked Hugh, hesitating.

"Yes—yes—quick now! To the foot of

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Chambers street, driver! The steamship Beltrai and a sovereign for you if you get us there in time. The vessel may not be gauntaul to her bow," he continued to Hugh, "though I believe these steamships usually are. Now, tell me all about it, Hugh. Where did you meet her? What message did she send, and was her—her husband with her?"

Howard's air, although betraying some agitation, by no means evinced a joyous excitement. He was really anxious, indeed, to see the beautiful girl once more whose image had so long haunted his memory, although he did not doubt the interview must be a painful one to her.

Hugh told the brief story as lucidly as was possible for him, and at the close of it Delmont said him again."

"Was her husband with her? And what kind of a man was he?"

He wasn't with her at all. Perhaps he'd gone on to the ship ahead to see—"

"It isn't probable that he is going with her to Jamaica, if he is a man of business; but I should suppose he would at least see her on board. What did the other ladies call her? Mrs. what?"

"Sir, sir! nothin' else, barrin' I called her Miss Wallyworth myself several times, seein' I forgot that she was married."

"And didn't she correct you?"

"Well—not at all, thought I, poor gardeen."

Delmont thought that he had never seen the streets so obstructed before as they appeared to him on this memorable morning. Every conceivable variety of vehicle seemed to be in his way, and every one out in despair upon the wedged and slow moving mass which prevented his hastening on and leaving even the nearest cross street and getting out of "the jam." That two gentlemen's coaches, a wagon, hacks, carts and express wagons, mingled with a transverse stream of omnibuses on the Broadway, came to a dead lock, whilst the policemen, who flitted hastily among them, did vainly sought for many minutes to disentangle.

When the mass began again to move, it was the difficulty was still extreme, to get across and out of Broadway, and but for a sturdy push tugboat of Hugh, several additional minutes would have been lost.

If you've any a desire for fast now," said the lieutenant, pulling up the panting man who stood nearest the carriage, and who was beckoning to the death struggle of the vehicles on their several courses, "he'll put us through."

Acting on this hint, Delmont pressed a coin to his side, and slipping some silver into his hand, he said:

"For Heaven's sake, my friend, make a passage for me into Murray street without delay; my business is most urgent."

The man closed his hand upon the money without reply, and stepped in front of the carriage, making a few signs with his watchful drivers, yet scarcely uttering a word which could be understood. Difficulties vanished magically now, and the beleaguered carriage, time-effecting pilotod, soon emerged into the cross street, although not until the clock on the City Hall had pointed the hour of noon.

It was of course not a few minutes later when, having crossed to Chambers street, it approached the river, and Howard and his companion were assailed by the usurers which he received to hasten their departure from the Bolivar:

"She's off, sir!"

"Here's your bag she bore gone!"

She's been tying off in the stream these two minutes. Shall I overhaul her, sir, and bring her back?"

"Now, sir, she's preparing gun. Now!"

The last of these cries of Howard's anxious and fluid, and he started at the overwhelming roar, which seemed to him also the knell of his de-ceased love.

But inspired with sudden resolution, and instructed by some such energy as that which, in this very river, two years before, had saved her for a hero, he sprang from his carriage, and ran to the end of the nearest pier, where a boat was moored, who had been plying between the ship and shore, were yet lingering in their boats.

Quick! to the Bolivar," he said, springing into one.

It's too late!" said the gruping man; "she's moving."

No matter—we'll try! Be active now, if you want a man's gold, for you shall be rewarded. Take one cur!"

As the oars were put earnestly to their seemingly hopeless task, Hugh, who, having followed them on his master's back, now stood erect upon on the deck, shouted:

"Let'll get carried off, mastiee, as sure as ye set fat on her! Kape off her, I tell you, or you'll have to go to the Bahamas!"

"Never fear, Hugh!" Delmont called back. "I'll come off with the pilot unless the Block."

"Outside the Block! He's outside his stones he is, I'm thinkin'," muttered Hugh. "Ah, may the saints preserve him from ever gittin' on board, at all, at all!"

There did not seem much danger of Howard's reaching the vessel, for although she was in the slow rock fashion up the stream then was the pier from which he started, and though he moved and was slowly at first, yet she was nearly in the middle of the wide river, and each revolution of the wheels seemed faster than the preceding one. Of course the steamer took a diagonal direction down the river, and by dint of the most laborious efforts, (in which the watermen seemed to himself outdone by his passenger,)—they succeeded in getting a good offing before the steamer's monster came abreast of them.

This was their only chance, and Howard was had his handkerchief ready tied to the handle of his oar, and swung it high in the air with a shrieking loudly as he did so. Some one saw him at last, for his point became lighted with a red flag, and was observed and as it soon ceased—but his eyes, and waved his signal with increased activity, when to his inexpressible joy, the great wheels ceased to revolve, and dropping to a slow motion began to swing forward their bluff bow into the stream.

Is he either an impudent thing to do?" he said, laughing, "and so thought the captain of her as boldly by some elderly passenger. I hope the captain will not punish me, should he prove to be able to catch him."

Delmont got safely on board and having succeeded in making his peace with the incensed pilot, the captain made no complaint, and they set out once proceeded to the cabin in search of Ada.

CHAPTER XI.

Ada had of course entirely abandoned the hope of seeing Howard, and she had come softly to the conclusion that he was dead, as for her peace of mind that they should not meet. Yet she would have been glad, for her own sake, to see him, for she knew that it would gratify him to learn that she retained a friend. The Misses Bithead had left her about half an hour prior to the sailing of the ship, and the good nature in a fog which had brought off a number of the passengers, and she had soon afterwards gone below, not a little depressed in spirit, despite the prospect of a speedy re-union with her beloved parent.

As the weather was fine, and nearly all of the few passengers were on deck, Miss Walworth had no difficulty in finding the quietude and retirement which she longed for, without confining herself to her narrow state-room.

She and Frank were quite alone in one end of the principal cabin when Delmont approached them, and so little did she imagine the possibility of such a visitor now, that she did not look up at the new comer until he stood almost at her side and his voice sounded in her ears.

"Ada!"

"Mr. Belmont!"

Astonished beyond measure, yet more delighted than astonished, and more grateful to see than either, the beautiful girl, with fast mantling blushes, extended her hand to meet that of her friend. Nor was Howard again self-possessed. Absorbed in admiration, and, strong by regards, he hesitated in what terms to address him the. Whose charms, one glance sufficed to tell him, had even more than he imagined the greatness of her girlhood, when Ada herself took the initiative and said:

"I am amazed to have sent for you, Mr. Belmont, though I was very sure that I ought to do so, and I thought it would give pago to great pleasure."

"I should never have forgiven you Hugo had not," replied Howard, intensely glad to have sought long and diligently for your father and you."

"But I fear I have put you to very great inconvenience, sir," said Ada, blushing deeply with an anxious tone; "and besides, how are you to get off again from the ship? She is just started on its voyage?"

Oh, I shall go off with the pilot some two hours hence," replied Howard, gally. "Never fear for me, my dear Miss Ada, and only tell me you please to tell me by what means I am to relieve you, for there is nothing I can desire so as to regard my memory?"

Is your father not with you, then?" Ada Walworth.

"He did not forgotten that, but it is year one since I left for Ada."

Ada looked bewildered for a moment, and then said:

"This is some jest, I presume. I have no other name."

"Are you married, then?"

Coloring deeply, Miss Walworth replied, in the negative, and Howard, with a surprised look, pulled out a pocket-book.

"I really beg your pardon, but I thought my information was correct. Here is a letter which I may still and you Miss, then, without fear of mistake."

Belmont at once proceeded to inquire particularly into the nature of Ada's trouble, and a protracted conversation of many minutes ensued, during which neither of the parties thought of asking each and answer; while Frank, who had gradually taken possession of the remainder of the saloon, ceased of recognition, soon engaged a share of his attention.

Yet Howard's air was statesized, and he found little for Belmont to observe in the manner in which Ada was still single. He could scarcely doubt that she was at least engaged, and the reserve of her statement had been too positive to admit of a doubt, that it was not to the gentleman in question. But even if she were entirely free, the reflection would now but aggravate his misery, since his own faith was virtually pledged by Hugo's letter to Ada, and he could not be a traitor with her suspicions.

No emotion of joy, no sincerity and affection, or of her father's proximity, had yet entered his mind, when the sudden question that she was over-heard conversation with Ada should fail to elicit some information, and Howard was just beginning to frame a question for that purpose, when Delmont suddenly turned to him and said:

"Howard, I must leave you for a few minutes, and I am grieved at the unwelcomeness of such a duty—sudden necessity. Miss Walworth was led to relate some of the misfortunes which have befallen her during the two preceding years; and if she has done this from a desire to discover the cause by which her father had been reduced, there was one circumstance which forbade its accomplishment.

She was neither watch nor jewelry, and it was certainly due to the friend who had befriended her to endeavor to make her aware of the plain their absence from her person.

Ada was greatly mortified at the discovery of the necessity which had compelled them to accept a house with their relations in the country. "I know that you will give me credit for not having parted with my watch and jewelry on a real emergency. There was no other available means to defray the expenses of the journey to which we had not already pledged—we did not sell them."

Although Ada felt that she might confide on these topics, her eyes moistened as she spoke of them and she lowered her head.

"It is as follows: the sum of the deposit. He—he would be very angry—and which I did not redeem. I know that you will pardon me, and that my father would do the same. But I have not Mink's seemingly noble benevolence to rest."

learned by experience how useless it was to oppose any purpose that he was bent upon accomplishing; and after sitting for some minutes in moody silence, he got up and went to his own room.

When there, he rang the bell, with a quick, impatient hand.

"Send Carlos to me," he said to the servant who answered it.

Carlos soon made his appearance.

He was a swarthy, whiskered Mexican, of slender but compact figure, and with that look of duplicity and cunning characteristic of his race. Gilbert Manning had picked him up during his travels in Mexico, several years before, and he had been in his service ever since.

"Carlos," said Gilbert, in a low voice, after taking the precaution to see that there was no one within hearing, "I have several times entrusted you with commissions of importance, which you have discharged to my entire satisfaction. I have now something for you to do, of a similar nature, which will test still further your skill and fidelity. You know Miss Driscoll, my mother's step-daughter?"

"The fair, blue-eyed lady, who looks so pale and sad? Si, senor."

"Well, I wish you to keep a quiet but close watch upon all her movements, and to use your utmost endeavor to intercept any letters that she may attempt to send from the house, and bring them directly to me. She will be likely to send by the hands of her waiting maid Hannah, as I have sent away all the other servants in whom she would be likely to place any confidence. It strikes me that you are getting up quite a desperate flirtation with this damsel."

Carlos stroked his moustache with a complaisant air, through which gleamed a momentary glimpse of his white teeth.

"Anything to pass the time away in this dull place, senor," he drawled.

"Well, do you think that you have sufficient influence over the girl to induce her to place in your charge any letters that her mistress may entrust to her keeping?"

"She will do whatever I ask her. I have promised to marry her next Christmas."

"To marry her?" said his master. "Why you unconscionable rascal! you have a dozen wives now, to my certain knowledge."

"Only four, senor," returned Carlos, coolly.

"Quite a moderate number! But it is little that I care how many you have, providing you get yourself into no trouble. Be very cautious. Do not let Miss Driscoll see you conversing with her maid, or she will suspect something. If you succeed, you shall have this," he added, holding up before him a well-filled purse.

Carlos' eyes sparkled as he caught a glimpse of the glitter of the gold through its silken meshes, for avarice was one of the ruling propensities of his nature.

"I will not fail, senor," he replied, as he turned away.

A few days after this conversation, Carlos entered his master's room and handed him a letter.

Gilbert Manning's countenance lighted up with exultation as he observed the superscription, and giving Carlos the promised reward, he quickly bolted the door and tore it open. But his look of triumph changed to fear and consternation as he read it.

It was directed to Col. Driscoll, Calcutta, and ran as follows:

DEAR ALFRED:—Lose no time in starting at once for England. My poor father is dead. A great change seemed to come over him a short time before his death. He expressed much regret for the wrong and injustice he had done you, and bade me give you his blessing. A will has been found, in which he disinherits you, leaving the bulk of his property to me, but only on condition that I marry Gilbert Manning, to which death would be far preferable. In case I refuse, it all goes to this base man, who, together with his unprincipled mother, has schemed for years to this end.

But fortunately, in some relenting mood, Sir William made another will, of a later date, dividing the estate equally between us. *That will is still in existence.* My father revealed to me its place of deposit, charging me to communicate it *only to you*. He seemed, at that late hour, to have imbibed a sudden distrust of his wife, who, as you know, had obtained a strong ascendancy over his mind, which she used for the basest purpose. My unhappy father is far more to be pitied than blamed. He loved you to the last, and I am convinced would have recalled you, had he received the slightest intimation that you desired a reconciliation. But Lady Driscoll was untiring in her efforts to poison his mind against you. She it was who induced him to believe you to be wholly in fault in regard to the difficulty you had with her son, and which led to that fatal misunderstanding which has made you an exile from your home and country; and not satisfied with this, she has done her utmost to alienate his affections from me, his only child.

I trust that you will not fail to return as soon as possible. My situation is very unpleasant. Gilbert Manning is still here, and seizes every opportunity to press upon me his hateful suit. Nearly all of our faithful servants left some time before Sir William's death; unwilling to submit to the haughty, overbearing sway of their new mistress, and the remainder were dismissed by lady Driscoll immediately after, and their places filled by creatures of her own. So, with the exception of my faithful maid Hannah, who is still with me, I feel as if I was surrounded by spies and foes instead of friends.

I have many things on my mind to tell you, but must reserve them until the happy time of our meeting, which I pray God may be soon.

Your true and loving cousin,

ETHEL DRISCOLL.

Gilbert Manning read this letter through twice, and then, with compressed lips and frowning brow, sought his mother's room.

"Here is a fine termination to all our deeply laid plans," he said, throwing the letter upon the desk before her. "If that is true, I am a beggar, and you little better!"

Lady Driscoll turned pale as her mind took in its import.

The indifference that Ethel had manifested when informed of the singular disposition of her father's estate had puzzled her, and her quick eye had not failed to discover, that just before his death, there had been a renewal of affection and confidence between the father and daughter. But believing that it came too late to enable him to make any change in her favor, it had made little impression upon her.

All this seemed clear to her now. "If that will is not found and destroyed, we are lost!" she said.

"And there is no time to lose," returned her son; "for, though this precious epistle will never reach him, the news of his uncle's death through the public prints will not fail to bring him home. I move that we compel this headstrong girl to tell us where the will is. We can easily do it; she is so completely isolated from the world as to be entirely in our power."

But Lady Driscoll opposed this proposition. She was full as anxious and determined as her son, but she had great faith in the power of diplomacy, especially in her own. Through the means of her remarkable powers of address and dissimulation, she had completely ruled the late haughty and arbitrary baronet, and she had little doubt but what she could as easily influence his daughter, did she consider it worth while to attempt it; inducing her, if not to reveal the place where the will was secreted, to give her some clue which would lead to its discovery.

CHAPTER III.

The next morning, as Ethel was sitting in her own apartment, she was not a little surprised at receiving a visit from her step-mother, whose hatred and aversion to her had been plainly visible to her eye through the veil of cold and stately politeness, which had been the extent of their intercourse.

"My dear daughter," she said, blandly, her whole countenance transformed into an expression of winning gentleness, "you doubtless feel surprised to see me here; but it was the last wish of my lamented husband that I would be a mother to his orphan child, and it seems to be fitting that we, who have lost our dearest earthly friend, should lay aside all former unfriendliness, and cultivate a spirit of confidence and affection. I deeply lament our long estrangement, and feel that I have been the most to blame. Your rejection of my son, who, with all his faults, is naturally dear to me, could not fail to be a great disappointment, but conscious that the right of choice belongs to you, I feel, now, that you were perfectly justified in so doing."

Ethel, though young, was a person of too much penetration to be deceived by this sudden profession of friendship from one whose every word and action, until now, had expressed sentiments of a far different nature. She was too well acquainted with her step-mother's character not to feel certain that there was something behind all this assumed softness of manner, and that it boded her no good. So, unwilling to commit herself, she merely bowed, awaiting in silence the development of the object of all this unexpected display of affection.

Without appearing to notice the coolness of her reception, Lady Driscoll continued:

"In looking over the papers of your dear father, I came across something that convinced me that he left a will of a later date, and which should take the place of the one now in force."

As the wily woman said this, she fixed her eyes keenly upon the young girl's face, who, in spite of all her efforts, could not wholly conceal the alarm which this unexpected intimation occasioned.

"I presume that you are well aware of the existence of such a will," added Lady Driscoll, as Ethel made no reply.

Ethel experienced a sudden sensation of relief; for she was convinced, by her step-mother's manner, that she knew of nothing but the mere fact, and even that might be only a suspicion. So she replied:

"I neither deny nor affirm it."

"I was confident that you would not," said Lady Driscoll, in the same bland, insinuating tone, affecting to take this as an admission of the truth of her assertion; "especially to me, who have such an undoubted right to know. Neither do I believe that you will withhold from me the privilege of carrying out his intentions, whose lightest wish is sacred to me, and which is now the only consolation that I have."

Knowing, as Ethel did, that she had not only married her father from mercenary motives, but had looked forward with impatience to the period of his death, the scorn that was aroused in her heart by these words was plainly visible in her countenance.

"If there *is* such a will, madam," she replied, "which I have not, neither do I now acknowledge, you need not have the slightest fear but that it will, at the proper time, be made known to you, and that every opportunity will be afforded you of complying with all its provisions."

The first glance at Ethel's countenance, as she said this, convinced Lady Driscoll that she was understood, and that all this acting was entirely thrown away. Rage at this unexpected failure, and mortification at having humbled herself for naught, by turns filled her bosom. The mask dropped from her face, disclosing all the evil passions of her nature.

"Have a care, girl," she hissed through her closed teeth; "you have crossed my path once too often! Think not to evade me; there is more than one way of obtaining the information I seek, as you will find to your cost!"

This threat, coupled with the knowledge that her step-mother had, by some means, gained possession of her secret, filled Ethel with alarm at her unprotected situation. She had for several days been conscious that a secret watch had been set upon her movements. She never took even a walk in the garden but what she was followed by Carlos, generally upon some pretext or other, but evidently keeping a close watch of her every motion. Gilbert Manning had grown daily more insolent and overbearing, and Lady Driscoll had now thrown aside every disguise, and openly avowed her enmity.

Driscoll Hall was situated in a pleasant but lonely part of the country, at some distance from any human habitation, the nearest village being nearly three miles distant. In this village resided a distant relative of her mother's, and she determined to place herself under his protection until her cousin's return, which might be delayed some weeks.

Being fearful of opposition, if not detention, should lady Driscoll, or her son know of her intentions she resolved to wait until night, and then to leave the house secretly, and upon foot. She imparted her design to her maid Hannah, in whom she had perfect confidence, and who, until she was subjected to the influence of the wily Mexican, was worthy of it; placing in her charge some articles which she wished to preserve, and directing her to follow her to her place of refuge the ensuing morning.

After waiting until the house was still, Ethel started, with some trepidation, upon her lonely journey. She became more composed when she lost sight of the house; for accustomed to walking, she felt that she should soon be in a place of safety.

But she had not proceeded far when two men suddenly sprang up from behind some bushes that were directly in her path. One of them seized hold of her while the other wound a large mantle around her head, to stifle her outcries, and then taking her up in his arms, bore her swiftly back in the direction from which she started.

But though they proceeded to Driscoll Hall, they took a bye path, which led to an unoccupied part of the building. Through a number of dark passage-ways and down a pair of steep, narrow stairs they carried the helpless girl, who, from fright and partial suffocation, had become insensible, and opening with a huge, rusty key a low, heavy door, thrust her into a dark dungeon, some feet in the bowels of the earth, used in ancient times for the incarceration of criminals, but which had not been opened for many a year, and whose very existence was almost forgotten.

When Ethel returned to consciousness, she started to her feet and looked anxiously around. The faint light of the lantern at her side revealed the extent of her gloomy prison, and the utter impossibility of an escape.

As her mind was busy with the horrors of her situation and her probable fate, with a heavy jar the massive door swung back and a man entered. He had a black mask upon his face, while a large cloak nearly concealed his figure; but in spite of this disguise, a shudder more deadly than that of fear crept over Ethel as she looked upon him. But struggling against the terrible suspicion that made her cheek pale, she said boldly, "Gilbert Manning, what is the meaning of this outrage? Nay, do not start! Did you suppose that that mask and cloak could conceal you from me? Even if I did not recognize *you*, I should know *this* to be *your* work. Again I ask, what is the meaning of this?"

"And so you know me, do you, fair lady?" replied Gilbert, with a brutal laugh. "It is well; my revenge will be all the sweeter. When you remember all the insults you have heaped upon me, do you not tremble to find yourself completely in my power?"

"Base wretch!" returned Ethel, "I know that there is no deed of darkness of which you are not capable; but I am *not* in your power. I am in the hands of One far mightier. To him I commend myself!"

"Do so," said Gilbert, sneeringly, "and see how much it will avail you. But I have not come to parley with you, but to give you this one chance to escape the doom that awaits you. Tell me where the will is that Sir William revealed to you upon his death-bed, and I will restore you to life and liberty. Otherwise, *you will never leave this place alive!* I will give you one hour in which to make your decision. At the expiration of that time I shall return, and if you refuse to tell me, *you shall die!*"

Slowly the heavy door swung back into its place, and Ethel was left alone. A cold moisture started out upon her face, a deadly sickness overpowered her, and she sank down upon her knees. The pulsations of her heart grew fainter and fainter, her very breath seemed to congeal upon her lips. She made a strong effort to speak, to even move, but vainly. And when Gilbert Manning returned, he found his victim stretched upon the floor, apparently as cold and insensible as the stones upon which she was resting.

Supposing it to be a mere fainting fit, he raised her up and laid her upon a rude couch that was placed in a niche in the wall, and busied himself for some minutes in endeavoring to restore her to consciousness. But finally alarmed at her coldness and pallor, and the fast increasing rigidity of the limbs, he went out, soon returning, accompanied by his mother.

Lady Driscoll regarded that motionless form attentively for a moment, and then laid her hand upon the wrist and heart. "She is dead!" she said, turning upon her son an enquiring look.

"She died of fright, then," he returned quickly replying to the look she gave him, rather than her words; "for I can swear that I have not laid my hand upon her!"

"She is dead, nevertheless," said Lady Driscoll quietly; "and it is well for us that she is. She can do us no mischief, now; *for her secret dies with her.*"

"True. And I am sure that I ought to be obliged to her for stepping off so quietly. She has saved me an ugly job; for I really believe that the obstinate girl would have died rather than reveal what is so important that we should know. But how had we better dispose of the body?"

"It will be the safest way for us to carry her back and leave her upon her own bed," said Lady Driscoll, after a moment's reflection: "leaving the impression that she died in her sleep. There are no marks of violence about her, and it will be likely to prevent any unpleasant rumors that otherwise might be set afloat concerning us."

In the dead of night, quietly and cautiously, the remains of the unfortunate girl were conveyed to her chamber, which she had quitted in the glow of youth and health, but a few hours before.

CHAPTER IV.

The next morning the whole neighborhood was astir with the intelligence that Ethel Driscoll had been found dead in her chamber.

Physicians were summoned, who gave it as their opinion, that she died from some organic disease of the heart, precipitated by grief at the loss of her father, or by some sudden emotion.

Both Lady Driscoll and her son were generally disliked, and there were not wanting a few to assert that there was something singular in the circumstances connected with her death, and that they ought to be investigated; but these were silenced by the prevailing belief, that there was nothing for either mother or son to gain by this event. And so the matter rested.

Followed to the tomb by those who could not but be conscious that they were as much her murderers as though their hands were reddened with her blood, Ethel Driscoll was laid beside her father.

Upon the same day, near the close of the afternoon, a horseman dismounted at the village inn. His frank, intelligent countenance was bronzed by exposure to the sun, and his erect, soldierly bearing would have betrayed his profession, had it not been for the undress uniform he wore, which indicated that he was an officer in the British army.

As he alighted, he cast a searching glance around, and as his eye rested upon a tall, sturdy yeoman, who stood leaning against one of the pillars of the porch, a glow of pleasure lighted up his face, and stepping up to him, he laid his hand familiarly upon his shoulder.

The man turned and stared at him with a look of blank amazement.

"Don't you know me, Giles?" said the stranger, smiling.

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed the individual addressed, a look of intense delight overspreading his countenance, "if it isn't master Alfred. Sir Alfred, now, begging your pardon. A thousand welcomes home!"

A saddened look shadowed the countenance of the young baronet, at this allusion to his new title. "So my poor uncle is gone," he said. "I heard of his declining health, and started at once for England, hoping to find him alive. But the first paper that I took up upon landing contained an announcement of his death. Did he show any relenting toward me at the last?"

"It is hard telling, sir. That she devil that he married took care that none of the old servants should approach him, especially in his last sickness."

Sir Alfred's countenance darkened. "And my cousin Ethel," he said, after a pause, "how is she?"

Giles started, and cast a mournful look upon the face of the speaker. "Is it possible that you have not heard the saddest news of all?" he faltered. "My sweet young lady is dead! She was placed in the tomb this morning."

Sir Alfred staggered back. "Dead? *my* Ethel dead?" he ejaculated.

"Yes," returned the poor fellow, unable to conceal his own grief at the recollection. "Her death was very sudden; she was, to all appearance, as well as any one the night before. God forgive me if I am unjust, but I do think that she has been the victim of some foul play."

He then proceeded to give Sir Alfred a brief account of the events that had occurred during his absence, mentioning many circumstances which induced him to believe that the unfortunate girl had been unfairly dealt with.

As Sir Alfred listened, to the expression of grief that his features wore was added a sterner look. "If this be so," he said, "it shall go hardly with all who have had any hand in it. And I will know whether it is not before the rising of another sun."

Then directing Giles to follow him, he sprang into the saddle, and in a moment more was on his way to Driscoll Hall.

Lady Driscoll was considerably startled by his appearance, for she had not expected him for some days. She received him, however, with an appearance of great joy; apparently quite forgetful of their former difficulties.

"You have come to a sad house," she said, slowly raising her handkerchief to her eyes, partly because it suited her purpose to assume the appearance of one overwhelmed with grief, and partly to hide the mocking smile that curled her lip, as she observed the sorrow that was plainly visible upon his countenance. "You have, doubtless, heard that my dear daughter and your cousin is no more."

Sir Alfred's eyes fairly blazed with scorn. "Madam," he said, "I am but a blunt soldier; unlike yourself, unused to disguise my real sentiments and feelings. You never loved my cousin Ethel, neither have you been a friend to me. There is something strangely suspicious in the suddenness of her death, which I shall make it my special business to investigate."

And without giving the discomfited woman opportunity to reply, Sir Alfred Driscoll left the room, and bidding Giles accompany him with a lantern, took his way to the ancient church, beneath which was the family tomb, that had been the last resting place of the Driscolls' for many generations.

After they had succeeded in raising the heavy door Sir Alfred directed Giles to procede him with the light, lingering a moment to make sure that there was no danger of the door falling back and shutting them in.

While he was thus engaged, he heard a loud scream, and immediately Giles came rushing back, nearly pushing him down in his eagerness to escape. "The saints preserve us, a ghost!" he gasped, pale and breathless with terror.

"A ghost?" returned Sir Alfred, impatiently, "what nonsense! You have got frightened at your own shadow."

"May I never speak another word," said Giles, solemnly, "if I didn't see a tall form, clothed all in white, sitting upon one of the coffins. As soon as it saw me, it rose up, and seemed to be coming toward me. Nothing could tempt me to go down into that vault again!"

"Give me the lantern, then." And taking it from his unresisting hand, Sir Alfred descended the stairs. When he reached the bottom, and looked around, his heart beat fast. There certainly was a slender figure there, attired in white, sitting in the same position that Giles had described. And as he looked at it steadily, it seemed to assume the form and features of his lost Ethel.

"It is I—Ethel Driscoll," said a feeble, plaintive voice. "In God's name don't leave me to perish in this horrible place!"

Quick as thought Sir Alfred sprang forward, and taking up tenderly the form of the half fainting girl, bore her to the open air. Then wrapping a large cloak around her, he carried her in his arms to the house. Oh! joy unutterable, to feel the faint throbbing of her heart against his own, and to know that she still lived!

It was some days before Ethel was able to give an account of her wrongs and sufferings.

It seems, though to all appearance dead, she was only in a trance; part of the time being conscious of all that was passing around her, though unable to speak or move.

After she was deposited in the vault, and all the people had departed, the terrible mental agony which came over her at the thought of the horrible fate to which she seemed to be doomed, broke the spell that bound her; and after some time spent in unavailing effort, she succeeded in bursting the coffin-lid. Yet she was unable to find any way of egress, or even to make herself heard; and sick and exhausted, and weak from want of food, she would have soon perished had it not been for Sir Alfred's providential appearance.

Before Ethel could relate the cruel treatment she had received from their hands, Lady Driscoll, her guilty son and his accomplice had fled the country, not daring to brave the consequences of their criminal conduct.

The will was found in the place where Sir William had secreted it, and declared to be legal. It divided the property equally between his daughter and nephew. But there could be no division of interests with those whose hearts had been so long united, and whose hands were soon joined in the holiest of all earthly covenants.

The after life of Sir Alfred and Lady Driscoll was smooth and tranquil, and more joys circled around their path than are usually allotted to the denizens of earth. Many fair children sprang up around them, making vocal with their gleeful shouts the stately halls of their ancestral home, and binding their hearts more closely to one another. Yet Ethel never forgot the terrible ordeal through which she passed, and often related to her children the strange story of her signal deliverance from the prison and the tomb.

FACTS IN PHYSIOLOGY.

A man is taller in the morning than at night to the extent of half an inch, owing to the relaxation of the cartilages.

The human brain is the twenty-eighth of the body, but in the horse but a four-hundredth.

Ten days per annum is the average sickness of human life.

About the age of 30 the lean man generally becomes fatter and the fat man leaner.

Richter enumerates 600 distinct species of disease in the eye.

The pulse of children is 180 in a minute; at puberty it is 83; and at 60 it is only 60.

Elephants live for two hundred, three hundred, and even four hundred years. A healthy full-grown elephant consumes thirty pounds of grain a day.

The flea, grasshopper and locust jump 200 times their own length, equal to a quarter of a mile for a man.

ANECDOTE OF FRANKLIN.

A young person once mentioned to Dr. Franklin his surprise that the possession of riches should be attended with undue solicitude, and instanced a merchant, who, in possession of unbounded wealth, was as busy, and much more anxious, than the most industrious clerk in his counting-house. The doctor, in reply, took an apple from a basket, and presented it to a child in the room, who could hardly grasp it in his hand. He then gave him a second, which filled the other; and choosing a third, remarkable for its size, he offered that also. The child, after many ineffectual attempts to hold the three apples, dropped the last on the carpet, and burst into tears. "See," said the doctor, "there is a little man with more riches than he can enjoy."

A BILLION.

What a very great sum is a billion! It is a million of millions. A million seems large enough—but a million of millions! how long do you suppose it would take you to count it? A mill which makes one hundred pins a minute, if kept to work night and day, would only make fifty-two millions five hundred and ninety-six thousand pins a year—and at that rate the mill must work twenty thousand years without stopping a single moment, in order to turn out a billion of pins! It is beyond our reach to conceive it—and yet when a billion of years shall have gone, eternity will seem to have just begun. How important then is the question, "Where shall I spend eternity?"

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

THE false gentleman almost bows the true out of the world. He contrives so to address his companions as civilly to exclude all others from his discourse and make them feel excluded.

THERE are women who, without the gift of genius, fill our vase with wine and roses to the brim, so that the wine runs over and the house is filled with perfume.

IN vain we chisel, as best we can, the mysterious block of which our life is made, the black vein of destiny continually re-appears.

THERE is a spectacle grander than the sea, it is the sky; there is a spectacle grander than the sky, it is the interior of the soul.

FORTRESSES and bulwarks are not half so secure as a kind, cheerful woman's little mental domain, with no other protection than its ring-fence of evergreens.

YOU may as well become a conductor of other men's lightning, if you can give out no sparks of your own.

A BEAUTIFUL form is better than a beautiful face; a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form—it is the finest of the fine arts.

IT has been asked why captains don't have their ships properly nailed in port instead of waiting to tack them at sea.

DON'T let your sweetheart see you in a cold, frosty morning, or she will think your breath the smoke of a pipe.

MANY ladies, who profess an enthusiastic love of nature, sit in their parlors as if expecting her to make a call.

A FELLOW with a pug nose may be as unnatural as he pleases. As Nature has snubbed him, he has a right to snub Nature.

THE fanatic, though not fond of the heretic, has often been known to make a great toast of him.

SHUT your eyes if you would discern a truth clearly. The corporeal eye puts out the mental one.

NO punishment is too severe for him who would stop a thrill and plant in its place only a fact.

THE sun stood still a few hours for Joshua. The very years stand still for a maiden of thirty.

THE habit of snuff-taking seizes and holds its victim by the nose as St. Dunstan did the Devil.

THERE are no mortgages or taxes upon the soul's beautiful landscapes.

A WOMAN given to scandal should be crowned with a tea-leaf wreath.

URBANITY, separated from religious charity, is rather the law of war than a treaty of peace.

A NEW hat, like a man who takes a large dose of opium, is apt to have a long nap.

THE lady who, by her conduct, importunes a gentleman to propose to her, begs the question.

WOMAN is the converse of the great human proposition.

A GENTLEMAN makes no noise: a lady is always serene.

WITHOUT the rich heart, wealth is but an ugly beggar.

HEAVEN gives us enough when it gives us opportunity.

THERE is no exclusive property in truth. It belongs to him who recognizes it.

ETERNAL talkers are chastisers of the most blameless of our senses.

IT not unfrequently happens that manners are best learned from the unmannerly.

TOO much idleness leaves a man less his own master than any sort of employment.

VANITY is a strong drink that makes all the virtues stagger.

THE forests are the hair of the earth-animal.

CURRENT ITEMS

PRIVATE letters from the army of the Potomac say that the old and war-worn regiments are being fast filled up with drafted men, who are arriving by thousands, and who take to the service with great cheerfulness and good feeling. These new recruits will never be able to realize what their veteran comrades have had to undergo in this war; as the organization of the army is now complete, the officers and men who have been on service for the past two years have learned "how to do it"—how to make the most and the best of their advantages and the least of hardships, all of which knowledge the recruits will have the benefit of from the start, without having to acquire it by bitter experience.

AN officer of the Army of the Potomac, who recently came into our office to renew his subscription to the LEDGER, stated, among other interesting and surprising things, that at the battle of Gettysburg, when Lee made his last desperate attack on our forces on Friday, the third day of the fight, "the air was full of iron, and the screaming of the shells was so great that I could not *hear the report* of our heavy guns, near which I was lying with my men, although we could see the flash and feel the ground tremble at their discharge." That must have been a situation to try a man's nerve.

IT is stated in Southern papers that the reason the Texan soldiers who had been under Pemberton's command, shot that officer, was because they believed him to be a traitor. They did not believe this because he surrendered Vicksburg, as they all knew it was impossible for him to defend that place any longer, but they believed it because he allowed Grant to pen so many thousands of them up in that city, where their capture was inevitable. If they reason in that way, they ought also to shoot the generals that Grant penned up and captured in Fort Donaldson and other places.

A GIRL at work in a factory in New Jersey, when about to leave the premises one afternoon at the close of the day's labor, hopped upon the end of a shaft that projected about a foot above the floor and turned slowly around, saying, as she did so, "I will have a ride on this, if it breaks every bone in my body." The words had scarcely passed her lips when she slipped, her hoops caught on the shaft, and before she could be rescued, she was whirled round and round until every bone in her body was actually broken.

A BIT of delicious gossip has been afloat in London and Paris to the effect that Queen Victoria contemplates a second marriage, to the great scandal and horror of her children. The reputed bridegroom is said to be ex-King Ferdinand of Portugal, who is a scion of the house of Coburg and therefore related to the late Prince Albert. If there be no truth in the rumor, its circulation in England must be unspeakably annoying to the Queen and her family.

A LARGE and enthusiastic Union meeting was held in the southern part of Tennessee, a short time since, at which sound, patriotic speeches were made and incisive Union resolutions passed. It is said that Union representatives from the northern counties of Georgia and Alabama were present at the meeting, and pledged their respective sections to the support of the national cause. This begins to look like old times in that part of the Union.

FIVE or six sailors just from a long cruise, were roaming around town one evening lately, in search of the "elephant," and the animal appeared to them suddenly in the shape of a mad cow, which came from no one knew where, and putting the poor tars to their best paces, compelled them at last to leap into the river to escape her horns.

THIS is one of the worst seasons of the year for children. Cold evenings and mornings, with hot middays, induce many complaints to which children are liable, and especially such children as have passed the summer in the country and have soon returned to the city. They should be kept warmly clothed, and their diet should be particularly looked after.

AN unknown man was seen to pull off his coat, hat and shoes at the foot of Pier 21, East River, the other evening, and then plunge into the water. As he did not reappear, search was made for his body but it could not be found. The conclusion come to by the police, who took part in the search, was that the stranger meant to commit suicide, and they took his coat, hat and shoes to the station-house, to await identification.

A MAN in Rhode Island who was drafted in two districts, in order to prevent any difficulty as to the district that was entitled to him, sent a substitute from one of them and went himself from the other. That was a great deal better than to get out a writ of *habeas corpus* under any *pretence* whatever.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1865.

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THE ROMAN EMPERORS.—No. 30.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

JOVIAN, VALENTINIAN AND VALENS.

Julian the Apostate died. On the plains of Assyria, from a javelin wound. He was at the head of an army many leagues from the Roman frontier, and was surrounded by exhausted foes. Julian was hardly buried, when the vanquished Persians were encircled and retreated. Harassed with famine and pestilence, with grey corpses strewed throughout their camp, and the din of war rising around them, the soldiers hastily nominated Jovian, one of the officers of the imperial guard, to be emperor. It is supposed that Jovian was a Christian. Christianity not only intentionally but in heart and life. He was a base imitator of the Christian virtues of character. His heroism and military ability had given him a high reputation in the army; and when, much to his surprise, by the utmost unanimous vote of the soldiers, he was elected emperor, he said sadly, yet nobly:

"I am a Christian. I deem it would be the emperor of avowed idolatrers. The wrath of God is, even now, ready to fall upon our army and destroy it."

All men are disposed to look to God when terrible causes. The soldiers felt that they were in most peril of annihilation. All who escaped the sword would be sold into perpetual captivity. The officers, in their alarm, gathered around Jovian, and entreated him to accept the imperial command.

"We will all return to Christianity," they said. "The reign of idolatry has been too short to efface the religious impressions of the good Constantine. If you will be our emperor we will return to the worship of the true God."

Jovian accepted the perilous office. Heroism's blessing seemed to rest upon him. With great sagacity he succeeded in extricating the army from its peril, by a treaty of peace with the Persians, which was ratified by the exchange of hostages, and by the marriage of a daughter of Sapor with Jovian's son. Christian men conducted affairs. He secured by treaty, even for the accomplishment of the most important purposes, to anything like duplicity. For seven months the army was engaged in the toilsome march of fifteen hundred miles to Antioch. Jovian introduced much Christianity, during all men to worship God as they pleased. But there seemed to be throughout an empty, heartless void. Men who had indeed before forgotten the idol temples, a general disposition to abandon idolatry and to unite again to Christianity. Paganism had revived but for a moment, and now, like a blasted meteor, it sank. It passed away to be revived no more for ever.

The embassy returning with Jovian had suffered from the Roman banners, was again entranced on those silken folds. Jovian, in the first edition seemed to rest on this truly good one. The whole empire welcomed his reign, and he was cheered and strengthened by the assurance that his authority was acknowledged from the Euphrates to the Atlantic. He had reached the obscure town of Dadastana within three hundred miles of Constantinople, when, one morning, he was found dead in his bed, apparently in health as it is supposed, by the fumes of charcoal in his apartment. The chief physician, however, declared, as he was by the weeping emperor Constantine, daughter of count Gallicanus, and then mourning the death of her father, and was heartless by wife, that all manifest by the symptoms of her noble christian husband, who had so unexpectedly ascended to the imperial throne. The tears of widowhood were bitter then as now. The broken hearted empress accompanied the remains of her husband to the tomb in Constantinople.

For ten days after the death of Jovian the Roman world remained without a sovereign. The generals and the ministers, whom Jovian had appointed, assembled to confer on the all important subject. At length the army was marched to Nice in Bythinia, and the soldiers, according to the custom which had come to be established, proceeded to the election of a new emperor.

The crown was first offered and then urged upon the prefect Sallust. He positively refused it. It was then, with singular unanimity, offered to Valentinian. This worthy man, by his physical strength and his sagacity, and then to the post of one of the body guards, where, in successful campaigns in Africa and Britain, and acquired experience and distinction. In stature he was majestic and graceful, and he was exceedingly courteous in his address. Of the fraternal agreements and open, inspired his friends with affection, while his piercing eye seemed to penetrate the secret thoughts of his foes. His decantness was equaled by his courage. His perfect control he had acquired over his appetites and passions made him the universal master.

As he had spent nearly his whole life in the camp he had not acquired that high mental culture which can only be obtained by long devotion to the pursuit of literature. But still he had a very effective eloquence at his command, though his native strong sense and his instinctive acquaintance with human nature. The only blemish in his character was violence, and often, during the reign of Julian, he had expressed himself in great hanger by the freedom with which he denounced the imperial efforts to re-instate paganism. Such was the man who, at the age of forty-three, without any intrigue of his own, was invited to assume the sovereignty of the Roman empire. Valentinian, according a lofty tribunal at Nice, was solemnly invested with the diadem and the purple. He made a brief address to the vast assemblage, in which, in terms of dignity and authority, he informed them that they, of their own free will, had chosen him to be their master, and that he should expect and require of them submission. Men love to be ruled by those who are capable of ruling them. The Roman soldiers received this speech of their sovereign with satisfaction and pride. Four days he proceeded to Constantinople, and there established his court. Valens, five thirty-six years of age, as his colleague in the throne, giving him not the ordinary title of Cæsar, but the equal title of Augustus. Valentinian reserved the west as his portion to be administered by any one man. Retiring from Constantinople with the infant Gratian, the two brothers made the solemn and the final division of the Roman empire. This great event, one of the most important recorded in history, took place in Pana, 364. Valens took for his empire the east from the lower Danube to the confines of Persia. The Western Empire, from Greece to the Atlantic, was assigned to Valentinian.

The two brothers, having performed this solemn act, affectionately embraced each other and separated, never to meet again. Valentinian, as emperor of the West, established his capital at Milan. Valens returned to Constantinople as the metropolis of the East. But Valens was by no means equal to his brother in head and heart. He had neither strength of mind nor character. He was easily led by those around his fruitful. Conspiracies sprang up in his empire. The usurper, Procopius, raised the banner Procopius, became absolute masters of the eastern empire. Valens gained one of the most timid martial bands and took possession of the imperial purple. Valentinian was greatly alarmed in view of this attack upon his brother, who was then on the banks of the Euphrates fighting the Persians. He could send him no aid, for all his armies were absorbed in the commands war. Valens, weak and timid, was rescued from immediate ruin only by the bravery and skill of his generals. The insurrection was quelled and Procopius was beheaded. Many others, by which those who were involved in the revolt were punished with the severity of the sword. Cruelty was one of the characteristics of the age. Both of the brothers could act with great indifference, and even pleasure, upon scenes of torture which modern humanity would shrink in contemplating. The rage of two fierce and ferocious barbarians was aroused in the inner chamber of Valentinian, and he aroused himself to swing their lance to pierce the flanks of those who were slaughter to their hearts.

The reign of Valentinian was of eleven years duration. He was a brave and able soldier, but a harsher of his country. Both of these princes preserved great respect for the senate. Many corrupt pagans were abolished and intolerance was not allowed. Many abuses were abolished, and the highest branches of learning encouraged and protected. In the matter of legislation, was much easier the control of the emperor over the Roman Catholic church. The noblest principles of religious toleration were established by the brothers throughout the reign of Valentinian, though Valens was liberal in his views. After a long, prosperous, and glorious reign twelve years, Valentinian died from the bursting of a blood vessel, while in a violent fit of passion in the year 375. Three years after Valens perished in a battle with the Goths, in which his army was defeated with awful slaughter. The emperor, severely wounded, was carried to a cottage filled with the dying and the dead. The barbarians pursued their victorious foes, and burn, and Valens perished in the flames.

THE DETECTIVES OF PRIVATE LIFE.

But a crime to catch a rogue? how base a science to hunt for sordid life in its meanderings! *but to catch him is to succeed in a manner which is unnecessary to set people down as not skilful.* Such is the opinion of one of the dealers of their neighbors. In nine cases out of ten they are undertaken by the community to prosecute it with a zeal and vigilance that would entitle them to the gratitude of those who belonged to the police. Well-minded themselves, they have little faith in the existence of evil in others, and taking it for granted that there is "a skeleton in every house," they set to work with diligence to search for the concealed anatomies, and, if found, to force them into the closet of the unknown existingly before the public. If these investigations are directed by a motive which is known bad character, they find no small consolation in the idea of bringing others down to their own status, and seem to entertain the idea that every man is a rogue, and that the only wonder lessens the magnitude of their own sins. The ordinary accusation of somebody else, says to himself, complacently, "Why, this fellow is no worse than I am." And when he begins to think himself a decent sort of person he is ready to say that this is not so wonderful and congenial to his nature to level men down to his own petty standard, everybody else to believe it, then to work his way up to a higher level himself, and to feel himself a somewhat honest man. In fact, he takes the ground that honesty is a virtue, but all mankind are by the operation of human passions and circumstances, and that persons of good reputation are simply fortunate, and consequently to be envied. He hates instinctively, and with a deep and envious hatred, those who are above him in station.

There are members of each Jonathan Wilds of private life in the community, and there are fourthern turkey brewers, that feed on offal, they are somewhat wretched, though not always gasping. They unmask one another, and the end to the curious search of human nature is something by that, while, on the other hand, the same they are at "fault and hounds" with the very wound for the moment, rarely leave a permanent vice.

YOUTHFUL PRODIGIES.

It is a great mistake to suppose that what are called juvenile prodigies—in other words, children who are precocious—are of distinction. In statue stream of facts relating to a variety of subjects, such as natural history, mineralogy, botany, history, geography, arithmetic, &c.—are therefore wonderfully gifted children. But it is not so, as this an extraordinary memory is required—nothing more. Sometimes, indeed, these children are merely machines that emit through their lips what they have received through the medium of their eyes and ears. Faber's speaking dog is supposed to be endowed with the full meaning of what it uttered, as they have of the value and power of the words of literature. But the system of word-stuffing, by which the brain is filled without being exercised, improvers are weakened, is worse than worthless. "How is Bacon biassed by the ingenuity displayed," believed in early counseling, to use of his little son, who said, "I, boy, sir, Mr. Boy," was the reply "Yes sirree, Jobnny, by again." "O! please sir, I remember now"; that is the answer to one of my Germaur questions, and I thought I was to be heard my Grammar first." Verbal knowledge is of little value, unless anchored to the mind of the learner to ways and wherefores. The practical application of every theory and principle should go hand in hand with the theory itself explained, and the utmost care taken not to overstrain the mind of the scholar by making too many demands upon it at once.

TAVERN LOUNGERS

We have too many lazy, worthless, non-producers among us, and are the element of such nuisance. Any country town has a most worthless mess who is capable of performing any labor, mental or mechanical, and who, from the fact we are more indulgent to ourselves. The barrooms of the hotels and taverns of our large cities are constantly haunted by shabby-genteel do-nothings, who have set for God-sent of the citizens who is more open-hearted, or whom they hope to obtain the small loan. Many of these professional lavenry fiddlers are persons of considerable literary acquirements and good conversational powers. They understand the arts of flattering and cajoling, and upon these arts they trade. Some of them are the prodigal sons of respectable, well-to-do country householders who have run off genteel generosity and forbearance, or who, to obtain the richer "supplies" from "the governor," have become hitherto in the most contemptible of all the fashionable haunts, tavern loafing; just as the worthless and ruined sons of our noble families were accustomed to take to "the road" for a livelihood, in the olden time. Upon the whole, we think that the "noble highwayman" of two hundred years ago was a less degraded but in his profession than the borrowers of the present day. A good family to his capital. To steal a horse, to obtain what would habitue to give grace to a ragged, mounted on a fine horse, was always a recommendation to society. But he who practices to resist the "stock story" of a first class "touch" is a mean, low, vile fellow, who would hesitate to borrow under the influence of a glass of grog, or two. The human tavern lurker, when he has "struck" a victim, is sure to do it with success at one time, throws off to another time, and is sure to be lying in wait for new victims.

The virtue who so fenced, in these cases, are rightly served. For do not lend their money to the unworthy and undeserving? Or do not support it to be employed in good purposes. They know full well that it is not hours wasted by the unworthy, and that it is not to be employed as they would be in a condition to help the deserving. Their money is not lent to be thus misserved help. It is manly wise nor prudent to give to those who are not willing to help themselves, and whoever does so is a dangur of becoming a participator in their sins.

If the society in which desirable drones pick up their living is bad, bad selfishness is the courage to meet their solicitations with a determined grave, and to thank God in all ears cursed. Convicted thief-seekers upon a false information are punished at my birth. It is of the ultimate exercise of their own talents for separation of the innocent from the guilty, and would adopt the best possible alternative which could be presented to them, in the event of all the charitable doors to him alone. They would be left to the fate which they have themselves selected. It is manly wise nor prudent to give to those who are not willing to help themselves, and whoever does so is a dangur of becoming a participator in their sins.

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FASHIONABLE BONNETS.

If "coming events cast their shadows before," the following paragraph from a Boston paper is indications of what we may soon expect to see in the way of bonnets. Should the new fashion world from not high esteemed for the future, the bonnet will be a thing of the past. Here the tall, gothic head dress of one bellow have a bonnet of the future, as described by the fashionable correspondent of the bonnet. Some of the bonnets are made of the hair of our grandmothers, and this are now busy with the fashionable world, and the fashionable world of society. Of course the live humming-bird is the favorite, but the dead ones afford more new fashionable aspects, though there is no question that the live bird is the best. In America it is no uncommon feature for the beauties to wear a whole bird, with the head perched up in little glass case, and the effect is stated to be very pretty. Of course, fashionable ladies do not sew under-clothing without contriving a pocket, to hold the bird, and the bird is kept in it, containing cool, refreshing birds? There is a lovely dress at the Ball—the bird is said to always taste to be comfortable, and if one bolls is not enough, they have a dozen. Between the acts, we may well expect to see a stout beauty eat a bird, and a slender one, to be content with a head. Then the point of the mocking-bird is a favorite, and it is said to be very pretty when the thing wears off. At one of those balls last week, at the Music Hall, in Tremont Engals, who seems to be a little eccentric about dress, had a bird with a long tail, and a bill to bread, with a breast flapping about upon her head. Natural history will be more fascinating study than ever, and the expression, everybody is the mode, when every lady will be a professor of ornithology, and will boast a menagerie of birds.

GUINNESS, THE SENSATIONIST, AND CAPTAIN BOYTON.

[From the London Sporting Standard.]

Having relinquished to another the honor of swimming the Channel, Captain Boyton has come to the conclusion that he will "astonish the natives" of Plymouth Breakers, to whom he had attended himself to the Channel, by swimming from that town to Cork or two in his own swimming costume and with his own swimming apparatus. Of course, the concept of the captain's mind, as one of the worst things that has ever been "put on" by the "astonishing Christmas."

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WORD-CATCHING.

I dare say, now, gentle reader, that you have no very clear notion, as yet, of what I mean by word-catching. I am not, however, using a vague saying with reference to a lantern jaw, nor that he who eats a word is sure to be a fool, but I pray you not to infer, therefore, that the man given to word-catching, for the dog is an honest creature, and I love him. Nor, again, fix upon the boisterous, short-tailed writer the epithet "word-catcher," for he, too, is an honest creature, and one entitled to a very large amount of affection from his fellow-beings. The word-catcher of whom I am about to speak is quite the reverse of these two best-mentioned useful members of society. He is chiefly remarkable as a monument of moral obliquity, with a callous description graven upon it, purporting to embody a bad pun. There is no reason, I think, why the word-catcher should not stalk straight in the face; not, although he often professes to walk, like some small Bloods, upon a wire stretched high above the Magnus of conversation, can he there pursue "the even tenor of his way," but is sure to topple over on one side or the other, and fall down, down, into the depths of the infernal abyss, from which he unfortunately emerges alive, stuck all over with the sticky substance known as the paste-pot coating of barnacles. If his twisted words should not be taken down from, or the hearer, as the sea-bugle does the luckless diver who descends to recover his prey, let him take his basket of them; but it is a perverse fact that the word-catcher, in spite of all his wiles, they actually float him up aloft as if wings on the breeze, which sends many to the bottom, with a snap at each of them, like a night-hawk after the insects of the evening, or a trout a fly.

Perhaps, now, gentle reader, you have some idea of what I mean by the word-catching. It is even possible that you may have been a victim to it, which is the nicest way of describing the calamity that poor Billy words when he was writing them into obedient for degraded appearance. Let us, however, spare him the mournful sympathy. If otherwise, permit me to assure you that you are not yet "out," but that you have been from your birth a *land-mate*; for there is no country in the world where the word-catcher is not. Nor, however, is the perverting word catcher always to be baffled. Even his epigram is open to him, for he often words with the Martin Farm, supplying the very sentence he misused. He has been known hard capping on imaginary conversation with the Duke of Wellington. He is a particular condition of the mind) suggestion the Bamburgh Castle, and the Duke of Wellington, and the Duke of Wellington, and the Duke of Wellington

THE SPELL.

BY MARY FORREST.

Oh, take your shell, my graceful lass,
And never strike its chords again!
Oh, hush that number, sing no more
That softly sweet but plaintive strain.
For, sir, my spirits ’gin fail enough
The trembling echoes as they die,
And, with the thrilling notes, his name
Upon my soul a spell will lay.

’Twas ever thus. The sweetest tones
Have ushered soon my pitiless heart;
Even the warbled songs of birds
Have stirred this gentle frame to smart.
Why is it, mother, tell me why
Thy boy is ever doomed to sigh
When rapturous words trembles delight
And joyous song ascends on high?

Oh, once I weep in joy bright world
When simple sights their harps of gold?
Must I, alone, sit, silent, sad,
With all my earth’s deep love untold?
When land harmonious pealing rise
And angel-wings are floating nigh,
Must this love trembling lyre of mine
Forever an Æolian sigh?

H. F. Tweed.

SELF-MADE;

OR,

“OUT OF THE DEPTHS.”

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF “THE HIDDEN HAND,” “THE LOST HEIRESS,” ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXI.

SPOT.

“Still and then black with woeful ink,
He stands as white as snow—
Yet not a single word you think
Has he written there, I trow.
But if you’ll read a different book,
Then wonders you will see;
For every spot shall have a word,
And every word shall be.”

Mr. Broadwell found Edmund in the ante-room of the court in close conversation with a client, an elderly, care-worn woman in widow’s weeds. He caught a few words of her discourse to which Edmund appeared to be listening with sympathy.

“Yes, sir, Mabel; we belong to Bangor. He went to California some years ago and made money. And he was on his way home and got as far as this city, where he was taken ill with the cholera, as his brother’s house, where he died before I could get to him; leaving three hundred thousand dollars, all in California gold, which his brother refuses to give, giving me no knowledge of it. It is robbery of the widow and orphan, sir, and nothing short of that!”—she was saying.

“If that is as you state it, it would seem to be a case for a detective policeman and a criminal prosecution, rather than for an attorney and a civil suit,” said Edmund.

“So it ought to be, sir, for he deserves penitentiary; but I have been advised to sue him and I mean to do it, if you will take my case. But if you do take it, sir, it must be on conditions.”

“Yes. What are they?”

“Why, if you do not recover the money, you will not receive any pay; but if you do recover the money, you will receive a very large share of it yourself, as a compensation for your services and your risk.”

“I cannot take your case on these terms, madam; I cannot accept a conditional fee,” said Edmund, gravely.

“Then what shall I do?” exclaimed the widow, in despair. “Must I lose my husband’s property that will save my work? I tell you, sir, I have not an I get that unless I sue for it! Or how are for it, unless you are willing to take the risk? *Do sir, try it!* It will be no risk, after all; you will be sure to gain it!”

“It is not for risk that I object to, madam,” said Edmund, very gently, “but it is *the code* to make my fee out of my case would appear to me a sort of professional gambling, from which I should shrink.”

“Then, haven help me, what shall I do?” exclaimed the widow, wringing her hands.

“Do not distress yourself. I will call and see you this afternoon. And if you are sure in what you represent it to be, I will undertake to conduct it,” said Edmund, as he arose and turned to make up his mind that if he should find the widow’s cause a just one, he would even assume a free offering of his services.

The new client thanked him, gave her address and departed.

Edmund turned to go into the court-room and found himself confronted with Mr. Broadwell.

“Good morning, Mr. Worth! I see you have another client already.”

“A possible one, sir,” replied Edmund, smiling with satisfaction as he shook hands with Mr. Broadwell.

“A *poor* one, you mean! Poor widows with claims always make a great point with lawyers, who are supposed to be willing to plead for nothing, rather than not plead at all! And that all very well as it gives the latter an opening. But you are not one of those lawyers, I hope—you have already made your mark in the world, and so you must not punish those friends for a horrible hand that the courts to consume all your time and attention.”

“Sir,” said Edmund, gravely and fervently, “I owe so much to God—so much more than I can ever hope to pay, that, at least I must show my gratitude to Him by working for His poor!—So you see that this is only right, after all.”

And Edmund looked into the face of the stranger, whom he had met but once before, with a singular longing for his approval.

“Yes; I do say—Lo, Mr. Worth!” replied Broadwell with emotion, as they entered the court-room together.

Late that afternoon Edmund kept his appointment with the widow Gardner, and after consultation ended in Edmund’s acceptance of her brief. Short visits were to her from each and soon his hands were full of business.

As the Supreme Court had risen, and Judge Merlin had little, or no official business on hand, Edmund’s position in his office was almost a sinecure, and therefore the young man definitely limited to the employer, the popularity of a reputation between them.

“My Edmund! I cannot make up my mind to part with you yet. It is true, as you say, that there is but little to do now, but I am satisfied that for months past there has been a great deal to do, and you have done about four times as much work for me as I was entitled to expect of you. So that now you have earned the right to stay on with me to the end of the year, without doing any work at all.”

“But, sir—”

“But I won’t hear a word about your leaving us just yet, Edmund. I will hold you to your engagement, at least until the first of June, when we will return to Tanglewood, there, if you wish it, of course I will release you, as your professional duties will require your presence in the city. But while we remain in town, I will not consent to your leaving us, nor release you from your engagement,” said the judge.

And Edmund was made happy by this decision. It had been a point of honor with him, as there was so little to do, to offer to leave the judge’s employment; but now that the offer had been refused, and he was held to his engagement, he was very much pleased to

The convenience was that she was always too tired to rise and breakfast with the family, when she could get served until the two o’clock lunch. And at that hour Edmund was sure to be at court, where the use of Colonel Arrow Hunley, in which Mr. Worth was counsel for the plaintiff, was going on. At the city o’clock dinner he daily met her, as I said, but that was always in public. And immediately after coffee she would go off with Mrs. Middleton as chaperone and Mr. Vincent Vincent as escort, and Edmund would return to his boarding and refused to sit down, so that he would not have the pleasure of her company at dinner. And so the days were on.

Mr. Broadwell remained the guest of Judge Merlin. A strange affection was growing up between him and Edmund Worth! Broadwell understood the secret of this affection; Edmund did not. The father, otherwise childless, naturally loved the one gifted son of his youth, who had turned into the mere that he dare not acknowledge him. And Edmund, in his genial nature, loved to return the stranger who showed so much affectionate interest in him. No one perceived the likeness that was said by the visitor to exist between the two except the viscount himself; and since he had seen them side by side, he had carefully concealed upon the subject.

Reuben Grey and his family had returned

THE FRENCH STAMP.

Edmund was also present with this group, enjoying it extraordinarily. Reuben Grey, rich and truly waiting every turn of Claudia’s capriciousness or consideration.

Claudia, the one darling grouped in this way, to receive all cadets, Judge Merlin appreciated nothing and understood by no other in the uniform of the United States army, whom he presented to this circle.

Claudia, my love, I beg you on old acquaintance—very old acquaintance—Captain Burghe.”

Claudia bowed as haughtily and distantly as it was possible to do; and then, without speaking, dismissed instantly at her father and said, “How came this person here?”

Judge Merlin replied, but his words question by saying—

“Why, my dear Claudia, as to what one young friend of another can do—as one just retired, told him what was going on here this evening and begged him to accompany him—I suppose so. And he was so good as to take me at my word! But, my dear, don’t you remember your old playmate, Alfred Burghe?” said the Judge, appealing for relief to his doubtful stare.

Now, Bee was too kind-hearted to hurt any one’s feelings, and yet her infinite dislike and jealousies she did not feel; she could not positively say that she was glad to see Alfred Burghe; but she could receive him for Edmund and

“I hope that you are well, Mr. Burghe.”

“I hope that you are well, Mr. Burghe.”

A haughty bow from the viscount and a reverential curtsy from Claudia concluded this presentation.

Mrs. Middleton kindly shook hands with the unwelcome visitor.

Mrs. Middleton’s house a little from her banters and condescend to address a few commonplaces to Claudia. Then Mrs. Middleton’s eyes flashed around upon Edmund standing with Bee.

“You are acquainted with Mr. Worth, I presume, young gentleman?” she inquired.

“I have not that honor,” said Alfred Burghe, with supercilious coldness.

“Then I will confer it upon you!” said Claudia, haughtily, “Alfred, Mr. Worth; and you will permit me to present to you Captain Burghe, Mr. Worth, of the regular army of the Washington Bar.”

Edmund bowed with courtesy; but Alfred Burghe grew visibly red in the face and with a short nod turned away.

“Claudia, you are a bad hearsay, my boy!” said Claudia, going to the viscount, and laying her hand upon his shoulder. “I have been sure he would have his little unmixed risk of disagreeable reporter of the Washington Bar, ago, what they were two boys; but it seems to me that any one who has proved true to death by fire to remain from a burning building, is a hero worthy of the name, let him be what he may.”

“Pardon me, Mrs. Middleton. The circumstance to which you allude was beyond my control, and has not been made to it in my power to consent; his secret out, I believe, will repaid me for the mistake I was then led into. But my memory is defective, but rather that it is too good—that is all!” said Alfred Burghe.

“Our acquaintance with *Mr. Worth?*” interrupted Claudia, with a proud flash of her eyes and a curl of her lip, “is of a very different nature. Mr. Worth saved his life at the imminent risk of his own! Mr. Worth is a gentleman, and a noble one, by the undistinguished himself to that end, and I remember perfectly well the circumstances to which you refer.”

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“Claudia, my love, bring your return Burghe, with a hot flush over his brow, “I do not refer to that buying old affair, but to more recent”

“Mr. Burghe, excuse me. Mr. Worth, will you do me the favor to call the band in attha up a quadrille. Lord Vincent, I presume they will play for the ball. Bee, my dear, you are engaged to Mr. Worth for this set. So now let us have no more to-do about our seats, but to and be our escort,” said Claudia, speaking rapidly.

Before she had finished Edmund had gone upon her errand, and the band struck up a lively quadrille. Claudia gave her hand to Lord Vincent, who led her to the head of the first set. When Edmund returned Bee gave him her hand and took his arm. Claudia’s wish, which, of course, had all the force of a command for him, and he immediately led her to the place opposite Lord Vincent and Miss Merlin.

And Captain Burghe was left to take his walk in solitude and misery.

But later in the evening he took his revenge and received his punishment.

Claudia was in her element. Her quadrilles were being formed. Claudia was again dancing with Lord Vincent, and they had taken their places at the head of one of the sets. Edmund was dancing with one of his pets’ partners—a wall-flower—to whom Bee had kindly introduced him, and he had his partner in a vacant place at the foot of one of the sets; he was on hands again in trying to entertain this poor, awkward girl, that he did not observe who was there, who was, or anything, except the rooms that were made.

But Claudia, who, with the viscount, was standing very near, heard and saw all. She saw Edmund’s kindness to his partner, and she saw Bee’s sweet smile of approval. She saw Alfred Burghe with his partner, Miss Tourneyse, and she saw Mr. Burghe whisper to Miss Tourneyse.

“Excuse me, said pernit me to lead you to a seat. The person who has just taken the place opposite to us is not a proper associate even for me, still less for you.”

And she saw Miss Tourneyse’s look of surprise and heard her low-toned exclamation—

“Why, it is Mr. Worth! I have danced with him before!”

“I am sorry to hear it. I hope you will take the hint and refuse to take any more! But that is what I have said, and permit me to lead you to your proper seat.”

“Certainly,” said the young lady, trembling and confused.

“I regret exceedingly to deprive you of your dance, but I can only perceive that there is no other

“I do not mention it! Find me a seat.”

The low-toned conversation, every word of which was overheard by Claudia, who, as though in another set, stood nearly back to back with the viscount, ceased as the two left their places and walked to the foot of the same set with him, Bee, who had overheard it all, and was now quite absorbed in the task of re-assuring his partner, Edmund.

Just as Burghe turned to lead his partner away, and Edmund, attracted by the movement, looked up, Claudia, who had seen it all, turned and drew Lord Vincent after her, and going up to Edmund, addressed him—

“Miss Tourneyse, I beg your pardon; but I will not permit your partner to spoil and ruin Vincent the fever to exchange places with us! I have a particular reason for this request, sir!”

“Oh, certainly!” said the young boy, wondering, but pleased to find that he should not be obliged to miss the dance.

And the exchange place accordingly; but as they still stood very near together, Claudia heard the whisper of Burghe to his partner—

“This evening I think I will speak to your father about those other gentlemen and subject them as to when this fellow really is”

But Claudia’s attention was diverted here self. Her face was pale as marble; her lips were trembling; but her dark eyes had the terrible gleam of suppressed but determined hatred in them. Edmund knew here, people have sometimes planned murder.

However, she went through all the four dances and Vincent had led her to a seat, she sent him to fetch her an ice, and while the boy, her eye on the movements of Captain Burghe, who had left his partner, Miss Tourneyse, and leave her to fetch a cream, or some such errand.

And then Claudia arose, drank the ice-water brought by Lord Vincent, and, standing by him on a stand and requested Lord Vincent to give her his arm down the room, as she wished to speak to Captain Burghe.

The viscount glanced at her in surprise, saw that her face was bloodless; but searched her palace to fatigue.

Leaving on Lord Vincent’s arm, she went down the whole length of the room until she passed before the sofa on which sat Miss Tourneyse and several other ladies, attended by General Tourneyse, Captain Burghe and other gentlemen.

Burghe stood in front of the sofa, facing the ladies and with his back towards Claudia, of whom apparent he was entirely ignorant, as he discovered as follows.

“Quite unfit to be confined in respectable society, I assure you, General; those of a wretchedly degraded set, the lowest of the low, upon my honor. This fellow——”

Claudia touched his shoulder with the end of her fan.

Alfred Burghe turned sharply around and confronted Miss Merlin, and on meeting her eye grew as pale as she was turned.

Captain Burghe,” she said, addressing her voice to low and courteous tone, “I am afraid that the misfortune to indigo one of our most esteemed friends at present a member of our household. I regret this accident exceedingly, as it puts me under the painful necessity of speeding you to leave the house with as little delay as possible!”

“Miss Merlin—ma’am!” began the ensign, colouring with shame and rage.

“You have heard my request, sir! I have no more to say but to wish you a very good evening,” said Claudia, as with a low and sweeping courtesy she turned away.

Passing near the hall where the footmen waited, she spoke to one of them, saying—

“Powers, attend that gentleman to the front door.”

All this was done so quietly that Alfred Burghe was able to slink from the room, unobserved by any one except the little group around the sofa, whom he had been entertaining with his calumnies. To them he had muttered that he would have satisfaction! That he would call Miss Merlin’s father to a severe account for the impertinence of his daughter, etcetera.

But the consternation produced by these threats was soon dissipated. The band struck up an alluring waltz, and Lord Vincent claimed the hand of Beatrice, and Edmund, smiling, rising and unconscious, came in search of Miss Tourneyse, who accepted his hand for the dance without any hesitation.

“Do you know”—inquired Miss Tourneyse, with a blushing face, as they were whirled there was any mutual enmity between Burghe and Claudia—“Do you know what that Captain Burghe is that caused the last quadrille with me?”

“Yes; he is the son of the late Commodore Burghe, whom I knew in the service, in 1813, and did good service during the last War of Independence,” said Edmund, gravely, not meaning not one word against his implacable foe.

Miss Tourneyse looked at him wistfully and inquired—

“Is the son as good a man as the father?”

“I have not known Captain Burghe since we were at school together.”

“I do not like him. I do not think he is a gentleman,” said Miss Tourneyse.

Edmund did not reply. He did not like to speak even deserved evil of the absent.

Claudia remained sitting on the sofa beside Mrs. Middleton, until at the close of the dance, when she arose, Captain Burghe was gone, and so not leave her again during the evening.

Bee kept company with Edmund, and so she was near the dawn when the company separated.

The party as a whole had been the most splendid success of the season.

CHAPTER LXII.

THE PARTY WALKS.

“Thus they walked, and talked, and laughed,
Without a thought of sin;
Without a thought of sin;
Without a thought of sin;
And all unconscious that the snare
Was spread to catch them in.”

H. F. Tweed.

The family slept late next day, and the breakfast was put back to the luncheon hour, when they all met in the dining-room, and sat down around the table.

“Where is Mr. Worth?” inquired the judge.

“He took a cup of coffee and went to the office with me, sir,” said Bee, the ever thoughtful Powers, who was setting the coffee on the table.

“Where is Mr. Worth?” inquired the judge, when Hunley still in progress, I suppose.”

“Yes, sir.”

At this moment Bam entered the breakfast room, and went up to the sideboard to wait on his master.

“Ah! Lieutenant Springald, U. S. A.! Who the whistle is he?” said the judge, reading the name on the card.

“The gentleman, sir, says he has called to see Mr. Worth on important business,” replied Bam.

“This is a pretty time to come on business! Show him up and say I will see him.”

The servant withdrew to obey.

Bee looked very much surprised to this breakfast and the conversation turned upon the party of the preceding evening.

“I wonder what became of Burghe? He disappeared very early in the evening,” said Judge Merlin.

“It turned him out of doors,” answered Claudia, quietly.

The Judge set down his coffee cup and stared at his daughter.

“He deserved it, papa! And nothing on earth but the fear of disturbing the company and a thrashing as well as a discharge,” said Claudia.

“Why, my dear, what could possibly induce Claudia told him the whole.

“Well, I am glad of it, my child, though I am sorry that there should have been any necessity for disturbing the company and turning out the father, will nothing reform him?” was the comment of the judge.

Mr. Broadwell, who was present and had heard Claudia’s account of the affair, looked thoughtful at the consequences of his own youthful fault of which he had been reminded by the appearance of the head of his faultless son.

“Why, my dear, you keep going from the table, now! I will go and see what the dream is waiting for,” said the judge, rising. “Stop—keep sitting children! or whatever his name is!”

He went up stairs and found seated in the parlor a young officer in uniform, who arose and saluted him, saying as he handed a folded note—

“Colonel Hunley sends his compliments to Judge Merlin, sir, from my friend and superior officer, Lieutenant Springald.”

“Lieutenant?” demanded the judge, with a frown on his brow, and a sneer on his lip, as he drew sharp as the rip, which made the little officer color with indignation.

“A challenge, sir!” repeated the latter, as soon as he had read the contents.

“Why what the devil do you mean by bringing a challenge to me for? Do you take me for the very head of an officer of the law?” said the judge, standing the note and touching it with a fan. When he had read it he looked sternly at the messenger and said—

“Why, don’t you know it is my solemn duty to have you arrested and sent to prison, for bringing me this, sir?”

“Sir”—began the little fellow, drawing his figure up, “men of honor never resort to such subterfuges, to evade the consequences of their own acts.”

“Hold your tongue, child! You know nothing about what you are talking of. Men of honor

are not dastards but peaceable and law-abiding citizens. Don't be frightened my brave little lambies! I won't have you scratched this time; but I will answer your heroic principal instead. Let no one question what I say, for I will say it!

And the judge sat down at his writing table and pace more read over the challenge.

"I can time.

Mission Mamie, Printer.

Jesse Mamie: Sir: I have been informed in the greatest confidence, by your daughter, Miss Charlie Hardin, that you have unjustly suffered from the young lady, and in default of that, the satisfaction of a gentleman from yourself. In the event of your refusal to accept this challenge, my friend, Edmund Spriggell, the bearer of this, is authorized to accept it in your name, and to make the arrangements for the duel. If the said Edmund Spriggell does not receive a satisfactory answer from you, you will still receive my friend Spriggell, and you may be very sure that I will not be far off.

I have the honor to be, &c.

Aleman Jones.

Judge Merlin smiled grimly as he had this precious communication handed and to sit up his pen to right to him.

His answer was as follows:

Captain Aleman Jones: My daughter, Miss Merlin, did perhaps right and wrong in what she did. There, then the first alternative offered—that of an apology you demand is utterly inadmissible; but I accept the second one of going on the field of honor with the friend to whom I refer. ——— friend is Deputy Marshal Browning, who will be ——— to take you both in custody. And the weapons with which I shall meet you, will be the challenge that you have sent me and a wax crust for your accept. Hoping that this course may give perfect satisfaction.

I have the honor to be, &c. Ransome Merlin.

Judge Merlin carefully folded his answer in a note and put it to the hands of the little lieutenant, saying pleasantly:

"There, my child! There you are! Take that to your principal."

The little fellow hesitated.

"I hope, sir, that this contains a perfectly satisfactory apology?" he said, turning it around in his fingers.

"Oh, perfectly! amply! we shall hear no more of the challenge."

"I am very glad, sir," said the little Lieutenant, smiling.

"Won't you have something before you go?"

The lieutenant hesitated.

"Shall I ring for the maid to bring you a glass of bread and butter and a glass of milk?"

"No, thank you, sir!" said Springall, with a look of offended dignity.

"Very well, then, you must give my respects to your page and master, and tell them that I will come and play with little Bobby and Tommy Middleton! They are nice little boys!" said the judge, as very kindly that the little lieutenant, though hugely offended, was scarcely brave in what manner to resent the affront.

"Good-day, sir!" he said with a little touch of dignity, as he strolled towards the door.

"Good day, my little friend. You seem an uncommonly little fellow enough. We would think that you will never again be led into the sinful folly of carrying a challenge to fight a duel, especially to a grey-headed elder! Judge."

And so saying, Judge Merlin waved his visitor out.

And it is scarcely necessary to say that Judge Merlin found no more of "the satisfaction of a gentleman."

The story, however, got out, and Captain Burgho and his second in command, Lieutenant Langhol, at that they voluntarily shortened their own furlough and speedily left Washington.

The remainder of that week the house was again closed, and the judge, with the process of dismantling the reception-rooms of their festive decorations and commencing the more quiet and orderly order appointments.

By Saturday afternoon the transformation was effected, and the household felt themselves at home again.

Early that evening Ishmael joined the family circle perfectly radiant with delight.

"What is it, Ishmael?" inquired the judge.

"Well, sir, the best fought battle I ever at length, and we have the victory! The case of Coldum versus Hanley is decided!" The jury came into court this afternoon with a verdict for the plaintiff!"

"Good!" said the judge.

"And the wife and children get their money! I am so glad!" said Rue, who had kept herself posted up in the minutest of the great suit by reading the reports in the daily papers.

"Yes, but how much money will you get, Ishmael?" inquired the judge.

"None, sir, on this case. A conditional fee that I was to make out of my case was offered me by the plaintiff in the first instance, but of course I could not conclude in justice."

"Humph! Well, it is of no use to argue with you, Ishmael. You have won two great cases which you have gained, and which ought to have brought you at least, a thousand dollars, and which have brought you nothing!"

"Not exactly nothing, uncle! they have brought him fame," said Rue.

"Fame is all very well, but money is better," said the judge.

"The money will come also in good time, mean; never you fear. Ishmael has placed his capital out at good interest, and with the best security."

"What do you mean, Ishmael?"

"Whom giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord. Ishmael's services, given to the poor, are lent to the Lord," said Rue, fervently.

"Humph! humph! humph!" muttered the judge, who never was out of countenance at an argument when the Scriptures was quoted against him. "Well! I suppose it is all right. And now I hear that you are counsel for that poor devil Toomey, who fell drunk and killed Mr. Barefield's cellar, and crippled himself for life."

"Yes," said Ishmael, "I think he is entitled to heavy damages. It was criminal carelessness in Barefield and Company to leave their cellar grating in that unsafe condition for weeks, to the great peril of the passers-by. It was a regular trap for lives and limbs. And this poor laborer, passing over it, has broken his leg and himself for life! And he has a large family depending upon him for support. I have laid the damages at five thousand dollars."

"So! but how much do you get?"

"Nothing. As in the other two cases, my client is not able to pay me a retaining fee, and it is against my principles to accept a contingent one."

"Humph! that makes three fees, gratis, for nothing! Ishmael! I wonder how you'll live before the money comes begin to come on?"

"Oh, sir, I have no anxiety about it!"

"Oh, not very long," smiled Ishmael. "I have already received several retaining fees from clients who are able to pay, but whose cases may not come on until the next term."

"But what about poor Toomey's case come on?"

"Monday."

At that moment the door opened and Fowers announced:

"Lord Vincent!"

The viscount entered the drawing-room; and Ishmael's pleasure was over for that evening.

On Monday Ishmael's third case, Toomey versus Barefield, came on. It lasted several days, and then was decided in favor of the plaintiff—Toomey receiving every damage of the laborer claimed for him by his attorney. In his gratitude the poor man would have pressed a large sum of money, even to one-fifth of his prize, upon his young counsel; but Ishmael, true to his principle with young Rue, refused the gift and refused to take a dollar.

That week the court adjourned; and the young barrister had leisure to study and get up his cases for the next term. The extra session of Congress was also over. The Washington season was in fact at an end. And everybody was preparing to leave.

Judge Merlin issued a proclamation that the servants should pack up, and that he was preparatory to a migration to Tanglewood; for the judge could not bear to think of Washington any longer, nor will horses draw him to Saratoga or any other place of public resort; because his very soul was sick of crowds and longed for the wilderness.

But the son of Powhatan was destined to find that circumstances are often stronger than theories from that he decided.

And on the departure from Washington was delayed for weeks by the cruel.

One morning the Viscount Vincent called at a meal, and, after a prolonged private interview with Miss Merlin, he requested an interview with Merlin requesting to see him alone for a few minutes.

Ishmael was seated with Judge Merlin in the study at the moment Powers brought this message.

"Ah! Lord Vincent requests the favor of a private interview with you, sir, does he? Well! It is what I have been expecting for some days! Wonder if he thinks he is going to make an honor instead of receiving one? Ask him to be so good as to step this way, Powers!" muttered the elder boy, excuse me for dismissing you for a few minutes, Ishmael! But I suppose you can see this Lord—Forpington—leaves me. May be he is going to offer you a brief, or a retainer, to ask you for my girl!"

It was what Ishmael happened to be silently thing with his back to the window. It was well that his face was turned from the light, for the young partner passed out, she would the judge have seen how deeply crimson it was, and would have told him more eloquently than words could that his son's heart.

He went up into his own little room, and sat down at his desk, and leaning his brow upon his hand, tried to think what this interview might bring to bear.

It had come, then! It had fallen—the crushing blow! Claudia was betrothed to the viscount! Why should she not be? Was not he the fitting suitor for her? But he was not! For he knew that Claudia was not happy with him! That her passionate love for her, and he knew that she loved him with almost equal fervor. It is true that he had not been long with her; but even when seeing her with Lord Vincent, yet even then he had seen that she was not happy, and was interested in receiving the attentions of the viscount; and he had seen in this fact a hope that he believed would never permit her, while loving him, to accept the addresses of any other with serious encouragement. It is true she had he had since breathed his love to Claudia, for he knew that to do so would be an unpardonable wrong to his friend. In his new life there was not a disgrace, a heart of confidence, and a fatal piece of presumption that would not merit instant banishment from Claudia's society. So he had locked his secret in his own heart, and watched Claudia strove to conquer hers. And though no words had passed between them, the process of sympathy the state of the other's mind.

Ishmael knew that Claudia loved him, and he knew that she loved him with almost equal fervor; but he had begun to hope that Claudia, conscious of their mutual love, would wait for only a few short years, at the end of which he would be able to offer her a position worthy the worthy even of Judge Merlin's daughter.

Such had been his dream—"castles in the air." But now the thunderbolt had fallen and his castle was in ruins.

Claudia, whom he had believed to be, if not perfectly faultless, yet the purest and truest of her sex, was betrothed to Lord Vincent, his queen, and here capable of selling herself to a title, a wife of an unworthy man for the price of a title and a coronet—a breath and a bauble!

Ishmael knew that he was wrong, not only to his love for her, but to his honor of her; and both love and honor were in their hearts and in Augusta is no computer of time. He might have sat there for hours, or for days, for he could not have told which, when he heard the voice of his father calling him.

"Ishmael! Ishmael, my lad! where are you, boy? Come to me!"

"Yes, yes, sir, I am coming," he answered, mechanically.

And like one who has fainted from torture and consciousness returns, Ishmael rose and walked down to the study.

Some blind instinct led him straight to a chair that was sitting with its back to the window. There he sat down, with his face to the dusky window.

Judge Merlin was walking up and down the floor, with signs of disturbance in his looks and manner.

A waiter with decanters of brandy and wine, and some glasses, was on the table. The judge was a very unusual thing.

"Well, Ishmael, my friend! my girl is to be a viscountess; but I do not like it; no, I do not like it!"

Ishmael was incapable of reply; but the judge continued:

"It is not only that I shall lose her; others have her, for her home will be in another land, yonder, and the ocean will roll between me and my only child; but—but—Ishmael, I don't like the fellow; and I never did and never can!"

Here the judge paused, poured out a glass of wine, drank it, and continued:

"And I do not know why I don't like him: that is the worst of it! His rank is, of course, a great temptation to my girl, and then he is also a plain republican like myself has a right to expect to a son-in-law, and he seems to be desirous to be unquestionable! He is a good-looking fellow enough, and has the manners of a young fellow enough, and so I do not know why I don't like him, and that is all about it."

The judge sighed, and his hands through his gray hair and continued:

"If I had any reason for this dislike; if I could find any just cause of offence in him; if I could put my finger on any mark of his character—I could then say to my daughter—'I object to this man for your husband on this account,'—and then, I know that she would not marry him in direct opposition to my wishes! But you see, I cannot do anything like this, and my objection to the marriage, if I should express it, would appear to be capricious, prejudiced, unjust!"

He sighed again, walked several times up and down the floor in silence and then, once more resumed his monologue:

"People will soon be congratulating me on my daughter's very splendid marriage! Congratulating me! Good Heaven, what a mockery! Congratulating me on the loss of my only child, to a foreigner, whom I half dislike and more than half suspect—though without being able to justify either feeling! What do you think, Ishmael? Is that a subject for congratulation?—But, Good Heaven, boy—what is the matter with you? Are you ill? Is he ill, Powers?"

"Are you ill, my dear boy? Speak?"

"Yes, yes, I am ill!" groaned Ishmael.

"Where? where?"

"In my heart!"

The judge rushed to the table and poured out a glass of brandy and brought it to the young man, who drank it off almost mechanically and then sank heavily upon the chair.

"I think it! drink it and the judge, offering the glass.

But Ishmael silently waved it off.

"As a medicine, you foolish fellow! As a medicine! You are sinking, don't you know?" persisted the judge, forcing the glass into Ishmael's hand.

Ishmael then placed it on the table and swallowed its contents.

The effect of this draught upon him, unaccustomed to the use of liquor, was almost instantaneous. The brandy stimulated itself through his veins, and he felt fresh, revived, exhilarating and restoring his powers.

"This is the better, eh, sir?" said the judge, so little to do in your office, I should be grateful if you would allow me to be your medicine agreement and nurse to leave your employment. Ishmael, I will not! I will not! I will not let him the most grateful trial to remain in your office, and Ishmael, I will not! I will not! brothel lovers every day, and at last witness your marriage.

The judge looked amazed and then asked:

"I had fallen, then! In love! Since he left before the expiration of the term for which you were engaged?"

And before Ishmael could answer that question, he continued:

"You are in error as to the reasons you assign. Sir, I am not! I am not! I am not! My objection so soon as I expected; as it is arranged that we shall remain here for the autumn and winter instead of going to Tanglewood until the first of July. And in the second place, viscount, and his title is nothing to me. In office, there will be a great deal to do—all which you will be called upon to help me through your services very much. And besides, Ishmael, I am not ill! I am not! I am not! I am not

LOST AND FOUND.

It is Christmas eve, Grandma,
A Christmas eve, bright and clear,
And I shall hang my stocking up
For Santa Claus to fill.

And won't you tell me, Grandma,
Some story quaint and rare,
About that Dear Little Boy,
Or Stannord the fair.

No, not those tales to-night, Effie,
Can I tell to-day,
For my thoughts are wandering back
To my boy lost in the sea.

It was on such a Christmas night,
Three long years ago,
That he sailed on a distant trip
In the good ship Miami.

It was hard to hear, little Effie,
When the news came to me,
That the gallant ship and all her crew
Were drowned in the sea.

God willed it for the best, little,
I should not murmur, love,
We will meet again, and be in this world,
Not in the one above.

But hush! a sandy step was heard,
The door flew open wide,
And the widow saw her long-lost boy
Standing by her side.

His simple story was soon told,
How he was cast on shore,
Of a distant, lonely land,
For three years or more.

How he had hated a vessel
That was just sailing past,
Which brought him at length to America,
To his dear home at last.

All was a heartfelt sigh
When the widow knelt down,
Thanking God for her boy lost,
That now lauded was found.

WARP AND WEFT;

OR,

THE COTTON FAMINE.

A TALE OF MANCHESTER LIFE.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

THE WILL.

As John Bentley was supposed to die intestate, this equity only claimed Mrs. Bentley in what the greater portion of his grandfather's fortune had been invested; but, urged by his wife and her mercenary relatives, gave instructions to continue the action to establish the wedding of the settlements secured on the Manchester property—the children Hannah—with, as affected to treat it as a myth—a fraudulent scheme contrived by a too partial mother to enrich her favorite son. True, there were the awkward facts of that attested copy, Michael's murder, and the robbery to contend with; but, as his legal adviser observed, an attested copy might be disputed with far greater chance of success than the original—that under any circumstances the expense would have to be paid out of the personal property; and their client felt an unnatural gratification in the thought of disinheriting the boy's and his brother's share of that.

To overwhelm them with obloquy would be an additional triumph.

"They will be quite rich enough," observed Lady Angrete, "with the old money-scrivener's wealth."

"Quite."

"Richer than we are?"

"Considerably, my dear," replied her husband, gloomily; "Frederick inherited more than a million of money. To be sure, he has the labors of it leaving the master's estate."

His wife looked at if she would have been content to share the disgrace for the sake of wealth so great.

"Then he has married so wretchedly?" asked the speaker; "a mere factory girl!"

"Yes, there is some satisfaction in that. Oh! can never be snapped by meeting them in society."

"Never, my love."

"Not that I should notice them," said her ladyship.

"Certainly not. It could not be expected in our position."

Lady Angrete smiled at the words "our position." Although his wife, she considered her own position in society as something superior by distinct from her husband's. Not even the baptism of fashion could efface in him the original sin of trade. She had married for money, and stooped with deep contempt to the price for which she sold her rank and name.

There he sat there, and if not keen for the deformed opposition of Mr. Jackson, the well secured property would have succeeded not only in securing the estate, but in establishing the validity of the settlements. Frederick and his mother desired no addition to their wealth, and would gladly have abandoned everything, for they felt secretly convinced that the property in question was under the veil of a fearful mystery, and overwhelm with horror the memory of the dead. It will was in vain they proposed a compromise; the lawyers unanimously advised it to bring it to issue.

"I will establish your rights, Mrs. Bentley," he said; "I believe that the will of my old friend is not a forgery; but how are we to prove it well enough to defy the ominous suspicions your eldest son has cast upon them. Give his opponent the most fortunate," he added, "you can act as you think fit."

"Think," repeat the widow, "of the shame that must fall on us!"

"We can only be disgraced by our own action," replied the lawyer; "and I should have no responsible for the crimes of others. My duty is made up. I know my duty, and will perform it."

From this determination they found it impossible to move him. And he was right; for the conflict could not be ended in a secret tract. It is both dishonest and cowardly to betray it.

Willie was greatly pleased to understand the absorbing interest his mother appeared to take in the affair. He could talk of nothing else. At every visit of her grand-daughter's to the cottage she questioned her upon the subject, asked what was the opinion of the lawyers, and how Mrs. Bentley bore up against the double blow—the death of her husband and the unnatural conduct of her first-born.

"Frederick is her great consolation," replied Ellen. "Never was son more devoted to a mother. But for his sustaining love, I fear she would sink under her sorrow."

"Poor thing!" murmured the old woman. "Poor thing!"

"Mrs. Bentley's great grief," continued her grand-daughter, "arises from the consciousness that she never loved Gilbert as she loved my husband."

"And very natural, too! He was never a son to her only in name."

"Grandpa! I do not quite comprehend you."

"Never mind! Give me tea to her, pet, that's what I mean," added the widow. "Do you think if one of my boys had treated me as Mr. Captain has treated his mother, I should ha' loved him as I do? Not a bit on it. Bear a son! continued the speaker; "they be a long time a-coming."

"Who are a long time in coming?" inquired Willie.

"Son, Neale, and the children. Are they all known?—if she only knowed—if she only knowed."

"Know what, mother?"

"My heart's a weary, Willie, darlin'. Don't go talk to me. I shall die without seein' on 'em again, no."

The widow Hannan pressed her lips resolutely together, as if determined not to mention another word, and commenced rocking herself to and fro in her high-backed chair—an arm sign that she was either in sorrow or in pain.

"I fear, Willie, that his wife, the first time they were alone together, had been at work on him, taking upon the mind of your mother; she is so changed of late."

"Ay, my dear," replied the blind man, "age and infirmities, and ample wealth, have indeed, properly so called, has scarcely been wanting, only the influence of affection to supply the place of interest. She is pining to embrace her children. Neither—"

"Doubtless you are right," observed his wife, fearful to pain him by reminding the mother of her forbear, lest she from feeling convinced she was in error.

"I will speak with my mother in the morning," said the blind man, moved by the tone of the reply; "if she has a secret, rely upon it, she will not be able to keep it from me."

The result proved that, for once, he was mistaken. The widow was not only to keep from her mind to him, but to afford the slightest clue to the subject which engaged upon it. All

(To be continued.)

A WESTERN VENDETTA.

BY J. W. WATSON.

In the summer of 1833, I was obliged to spend a few days in Memphis. It was then a considerable town, though, of course, nothing like its present size or business importance. I arrived late at night, and in the morning, suffering out to see the town, I was taken somewhat aback at observing more than half the stores unopened, though it was then after ten o'clock. It did not take me very long to arrive at the cause of this, for observing a stream of people setting westward through the main street, I questioned and was answered that "a fight" would, of course, come off before the day was over.

I had come from Cairo from New York with certain definite notions respecting duels which made the town's newest game rather horrify me. However, not yet with the same moral certainty that makes men travel for any boy well, to see a boy hanged, I determined to go out and see the fight, as I saw clearly that it would be a thing to tell in Memphis, and that my business I had to do at night as well as before, and the chances were I should "miss the fight," as therefore joined the throng for the gaiety, and found the crowd an original and interested and understood to get more than its money's worth. The fight, it had been to between two men, Watson and Jones by name, who represented two large families of respective cognomens, and each fighting to settle an old feud that had last existed for nearly twenty years, said had already sacrificed to it fifteen or twenty members of each side. It was known that at the period of which I write, said fifteen years before, the Watsons and Joneses were carried out, in the south-west, with all the fierce animosity that existed in the old Highland clans, transmitted from father to son, from mother to daughter, and from husband to husband, with undying hatred. It was a dust of blood between the two families, and one only

Twenty minutes walk brought me upon the ground—a level, I found, already, about which four thousand persons engaged in every conceivable occupation, from betting to selling pies, were most prominent. There were a few improvised booths for the sale of grog, where certain ardent and darkies dispensed luxuries in the shape of cold water and sugar, and lemons, and apples, and nuts, with various other vegetables, and numerous gamblers were busily at work, each carrying a keg or barrel of whiskey, either on his shoulder or on end to raise it to the level for drink. On a liberal calculation I counted the crowd as numbering about 4,000, and I hovered upon the ground, and last learning to make up my mind to see the fight. As the time drew united, was to come off at ten o'clock, and as it was now nearly eleven, and no sign of it, and within a few minutes I should be gratified with the sight of a genuine duel in the west.

It would have taken shrewd guessing to have discovered the duellists in the midst of the bulk of actions of the thousands there gathered, for what purpose they had come, and with what intention, business, craps, horses, and the state of the crops, being the principal topics of the various drafts of "cold face," but never a word about the fight. Suddenly there was a break in the crowd. Hooks after hooks slipped up, and the cause of the movement was soon apparent. *Jones and Watson had both on until nearly four o'clock*, when the two men appeared, each with his second, and a surgeon all.

I had read the example of the Irishman about me, *I suppose myself to one of the parallel rows* of the Irish Parliament, and I was very much struck between the spectators of the principals and the seconds. Each man was dressed in black, and black was already taken possession of, and every standing spot was occupied, and all was breathless excitement. The first of the principals to appear was Watson, a tall, well built, fine looking man, with a handsome face, and a fine head, shaded with long, curling locks of black hair, and a bold, dashing look and carriage, and a bold, dashing look and carriage, and with a third, until Jones made his appearance, when the whole crowd swayed forward, there was a roar of hearty laughter, with a loud, repulsive laugh, and a little groaning and hissing, and saying one, going directly to his place and not having it disturbed by any one else.

The weapons were rifles, the distance sixty yards, the word was settled to be counted by me, and was to be given by the signal of a handkerchief dropped from my hand. I took my position, and then I learned for the first time that I had killed within the year a man in a duel, and that a mighty shout went up from the crowd, and I knew that both their lots in life could not have been ever nervous, standing in the midst of the most excited assembly on the wickedness ball had passed through a human body, and that I was about to do it was the younger brother of Watson.

A very little time elapsed when the second commenced to count, "One! Two! Three! Four! Five! One! Two! Three! Four!" and at the word "Five!" the handkerchief fell, and I was sitting, supported by his seconds. A few minutes elapsed, and I was carried off the ground, and proceeding between principal and seconds. I was carried off the ground, and proceeding between principal and seconds. I was carried off the ground, and proceeding between principal and seconds.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

WAS-LIKE

BY FRANCE CARY.

O my bird, my beautiful bird!
Sing no more to-day!
The saddest sadness under the sun
I must be, till this weary war is done;
For my lover has gone away.

Ah! your voice could never drop as it does
Down through those shadow-deeps,
If you ever had heard a sudden fall,
And he was all the Heaven to me—
And has gone away to the wars.

You are quite sure? he's gone, my bird,
To end our restless quest,
"To death if he find him so still,
Sing out again, till you sing your fill!
I shall die with softness!"

Yet how! sing low, while he is gone
To fight for his rights and the land!
I would not hear your voice sing out,
Till in hands tired! with the victory shout,
When my lover comes from the wars.

You must sing for us both in his stead! day
When I welcome my soldier boy;
For my eyes will be dim for light and joy,
And my heart will cease to my lip to soar,
Then! cannot speak for joy!

FOREST ADVENTURES.—No. 30.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP

OSTRICHES.

July 31st we left the Limpopo at our backs, and struck off to the northward. We were many miles to the south of the path usually travelled; but Arabby and Zabul both assured me that they knew the route we were taking, and that it was better than the other. Just after dinner, and while our animals were resting, three magnificent oryxes broke cover from a copse of mimosa not more than eight yards distant. A fresh breeze was blowing, and as this copse was to the windward of us, the animals had not scented us. For some moments the oryxes stood stock still, gazing upon us in evident wonder, and had not the dogs set up their startling howls they might have stood longer than they did. I was upon my feet in an instant, and passing my pipe to Arabby, I ordered Jot to bring my horse without delay. Harry and Albert were both mounted then, as was I, but they did not have the first pull at the game. John Mopho planned one more and more every time I had occasion to call upon him for extra exertion. When I was lucky in the saddle, with my rifle ready, the oryxes were for out of range, and Harry and Albert were off at full speed. I wore no spurs—my horse would not suffer them—but I dropped the rein upon his neck and aided him to find those wild beasts. He leaped away like a hound, scenting hardly to raise himself from the ground as he leaped over the low copse stood we upon plain, so that the chase was reduced to the simple matter of speed, and I very soon made up my mind that the point was ours. The chief of the trio was a splendid old bull, and I chose him for the first mark. He led the other two by a few yards at his long, fleeting horse resting fairly upon his croup as he straightened out his neck to reach the air. I soon passed Harry and Abner, and was within easy range of the rear of the oryxes, when I did not mean to throw a shot away. They topped a slight rise of ground, and I was upon a group of shrubbery, and beyond that the way was clear again. Old Morgan dashed on, digging the hand behind him in a manner, and I laugh! I passed the two lagging oryxes, and came alongside of the bull; my horse, indeed, dog himself upon the fellow's flank as though he knew exactly how best to serve my purpose. It was a flying shot, but an easy one; and the oryx tumbled over with a bullet-hole behind his shoulder.

"Good for you!" I heard Harry cry; and the report of a rifle followed.

The two oryxes which I had passed had turned in their tracks, and the result was, that Harry and Abner covered them. In a little while one after-other were on the spot, and our game was laiten back to camp, where Arabby made a second dinner on a piece of half-cooked steak while the natives were getting ready for the start.

That night we camped near a fountain of good water, and after making an excellent supper from our oryx meat, we took a turn at some shooting, keeping up the shooting as long as we could see the target. Tiekony bore off the palm. He took his own and made from a species of coal that grew plentifully by the old river-beds of the Kalahari district, a number of featured and balanced artistically and accurately. At short ranges his arrow was more than once fatal to the hawks of men who call themselves great shots. I remember one occasion when I was on the day after we left Gleby: A hunter had settled upon a tree about a hundred yards away, and Abner and Ben took their best hands at shooting it. The first shot struck the branch hopped upon a higher limb without offering to fly. Abner took his turn next, and the bird hopped back to its former roost. At this point Tiekony suggested that he would like to try an arrow, and of course we gave him permission. Philip here was busy and stiff, and he noticed the quickness of spring, and as he took his place where the riflemen had stood the hunter seemed to notice that he was sure of his mark.

"Remember!" cried Ben.

"He can't shoot for bettins!" added Abner. But Tiekony paid no heed to them. He drew his arrow to the head—there was a sharp twang as the bowstring sprang to wings, back to its place, for the arrow pierced it through and through, and the bird fell dead to the ground. After that Tiekony often gave us specimens of his skill with the bow, and we soon all Ben soon learned that there was but much nonsense in it.

On the present occasion Tiekony had his a bull's eye the size of a silver dollar at a distance of fifty yards seven times in succession, and we must acknowledge was good shooting.

On the following morning we loopened bright and early, and towards the middle of the forenoon we struck a broad open plain, which we duly informed us extended to a two days' journey. There were some verdant spots upon it, however, one of which we found towards night. I intimated that I didn't object to a short, particular time, in owned property enough to buy my grey first.

Fitzboo, who had been listening to our nonsense, nodded, and without any other apparent connection, burst into a loud laugh. I asked him what in the world was the matter.

"O, golly!" he cried, holding his sides. "I wer' t'inkin' oh a boss trade I made once. O, you'd a' been of yo'd been dar an' said it."

We were ready and anxious to hear an account of Fitzboo's horse-trade, and having knocked the ashes out of his pipe, he related as follows:

"Yes—oh—I'll tell ye. Once, when I liv'd up in ole Oxford, I bo't port oh a' ole t'rottin' carriage dat went by boss power. I run dat a' wanderin' two o' de months, t'rottin' outs an' wheel, an' dat ole boss gin eime out. He wor blind when I got him; an' when I'd done wid him, he couldn't stan' up nohow. T'ink I, bole on. I mustn't lose de pay for ole animile of I ken help it. By golly, I'll trade him. Ole Doctor Howe lib'd not t'ree miles to me, an' he told me 'I t'ould make de ole animile stan' up of I'd only put him nin easy in de barn an' fill him stock full of oat and beans. I t'ried de beans' scent, an' he less 'n two or free days he could stan' up like a stiff soldier. I t'ought dat I'd better I'd put him an' he could stan' up, t'ink I to myself, I can trade him to Ole Doctor for a hoss an' by how he kin trimble. I had a ole pie-eb waggin wheels, and a small fixed onto 'em, an' I jes' hitched de animile up, an' started out into de village. By golly, I'll be! I didn't look much consideronce in dat air hoss; but I war determined to drive him for de village.

"I guess I'd drov' bout ten or ile'n rods, when who should I meet but ole Bill Woodford. By golly, ye ain't a know dat feller. I t'ink he's de consekted man dat ebber was. He could sell a bunch oh sticks an' bar, and make a man t'ink 'twas a hoss for sartin. Well—I met Bill Woodford, an' he war a drivin' in de same way a feedy's buck, an' a settin' down on his hin kind jes ye ebber see.

"'Hello—how d'ye do, I got dar, ole Fitz?' he'd hollered Woodford.

"I hauled up, an' tole him I'd jes' jot'de best piece oh a hoss dat ebber was, or ebber would be.

Den says he, 'How'll ye trade wid me for dis yer critter?'

"'Ye hain't got no critter,' I tole him.

"But I swar to de Lawd, Bill said he'd jes' free hundred dollars, an' put by hat's a feller oh it; dat he'd sell de critter for dat, an' he went on he swar to de Lawd he'd sell it very seconds. I t'ink I, by golly, I'll be! I'll trade wid him. I'll trade wid him for sartin. By golly, I'll be! I wasn't a gwine to suck me. I axed him what he'd take for de critter, an' he said he'd take what ebe hit it dat berry mornin' a heckin' out oh de stall. By golly, I'll be! I'll be! I'll be!